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A SIMPLE STORY.

IN

FOUR VOLUMES.

By Mrs. INCHBALD.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON,

Pater-noſter Row.

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PREFACE.

PREFACE.

IT is ſaid, *a book ſhould be read with the ſame ſpirit with which it has been written.* In that caſe, fatal muſt be the reception of this — for the writer frankly avows, that during the time ſhe has been writing it, ſhe has ſuffered every quality and degree of wearineſs and laſſitude, into which no other employment could have betrayed her.

It has been the deſtiny of the writer of this Story, to be occupied

A through-

throughout her life, in what has the leaſt ſuited either her inclination or capacity—with an invincible impediment in her ſpeech, it was her lot for thirteen years to gain a ſubſiſtence by public ſpeaking—and, with the utmoſt deteſtation to the fatigue of inventing, a conſtitution ſuffering under a ſedentary life, and an education confined to the narrow boundaries preſcribed her ſex, it has been her fate to devote a tedious ſeven years to the unremitting labour of literary productions—whilſt a taſte for authors of the firſt rank has been an additional puniſhment, forbidding her one moment of thoſe ſelf-approving reflections which are

aſſuredly

assuredly due to the industrious. But, alas! in the exercise of the arts, industry scarce bears the name of merit.—What then is to be substituted in the place of genius? GOOD FORTUNE.—And if these volumes should be attended by the good fortune that has accompanied her other writings, to that divinity, and that alone, she shall attribute their success.

Yet, there is a *first cause* still, to whom I cannot here forbear to mention my obligations.

The Muses, I trust, will pardon me, that to them I do not feel myself obliged—for, in justice to their

heavenly inspirations, I believe they have never yet favoured me with one visitation; but sent in their disguise NECESSITY, who, being the mother of Invention, gave me all mine —while FORTUNE kindly smiled, and was necessary to the whole.

But this important secret I long wished, and endeavoured to conceal; yet one unlucky moment candidly, though unwittingly, divulged it—I frankly owned, "That Fortune having chased away Necessity, there remained no other incitement to stimulate me to a labour I abhorred."—It happened to be in the power of the person to whom I confided this

this secret, to send NECESSITY once more to me. Once more, then, bowing to its empire, I submit to the task it enjoins.

This case has something similar to a theatrical anecdote told (I think) by Colly Cibber:

"A performer of a very mean "salary, played the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet so exactly to "the satisfaction of the audience, "that this little part, independent "of the other characters, drew im-"mense houses whenever the play "was performed — The manager "in consequence, thought it but "justice to advance the actor's sa-"lary;

" lary, which the poor man
" (who like the character he re-
" presented, had been half ſtarved
" before) began to live ſo comfort-
" ably, he became too plump for
" the part; and being of no impor-
" tance in any thing elſe, the ma-
" nager of courſe now wholly diſ-
" charged him—and thus, actually
" reducing him to the want of a
" piece of bread, in a ſhort time
" he became a proper figure for the
" part again."

Welcome, then, thou all-powerful principle, NECESSITY!—THOU, who art the inſtigator of ſo many bad authors and actors—but, to their ſhame,

shame, not of all!—THOU, who from my infancy seldom hast forsaken me, still abide with me!—I will not complain of any hardship thy commands require, so thou dost not urge my pen to prostitution.—In all thy rigour, oh! do not force my toil to libels—or, what is equally pernicious—panegyric on the unworthy!

SIMPLE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

DOrriforth, bred at St. Omer's in all the ſcholaſtic rigour of that college, was by education, and the ſolemn vows of his order, a Roman Catholic prieſt—but nicely diſcriminating between the philoſophical and the ſuperſtitious part of that character, and adopting the former only, he poſſeſſed qualities not unworthy the firſt profeſſors of Chriſtianity—every virtue which

it was his vocation to preach, it was his care to practiſe; nor was he in the claſs of thoſe of the religious, who, by ſecluding themſelves from the world, fly the merit they might have in reforming mankind. He refuſed to ſhelter himſelf from the temptations of the layman by the walls of a cloiſter, but ſought for, and found that ſhelter in the centre of London, where he dwelt, in his own prudence, juſtice, fortitude, and temperance.

He was about thirty, and had lived in the metropolis near five years, when a gentleman, above his own age, but with whom he had from his youth contracted a moſt ſincere friendſhip, died, and left him the ſole guardian of his daughter, a young lady of eighteen.

The

The deceaſed Mr. Milner, on his approaching diſſolution, perfectly ſenſible of his ſtate, thus reaſoned to himſelf before he made the nomination: "I have formed no intimate friendſhip during my whole life, except one —I can be ſaid to know the heart of no man except the heart of Dorriforth —After knowing his, I never ſought acquaintance with another—I did not wiſh to leſſen the exalted eſtimation of human nature he had inſpired. In this moment of trembling apprehenſion from every thought that darts acroſs my mind, much more for every action which ſoon I muſt be called to anſwer for; all worldly views here thrown aſide, I act as if that tribunal before which I every moment expect to appear, were now ſitting in judgment upon my purpoſe.—The care of an

only child is the great charge that in this tremendous criſis I have to execute; theſe earthly affections that bind me to her by cuſtom, ſympathy, or what I fondly call parental love, would direct me to ſtudy her preſent happineſs, and leave her to the care of ſome of thoſe ſhe ſtyles her deareſt friends; but they are friends only in the ſunſhine of fortune; in the cold nipping froſt of diſappointment, ſickneſs, or connubial ſtrife, they will forſake the houſe of care, although the houſe which they themſelves may have built."

Here the exorciating anguiſh of the father, overcame that of the dying man.

"In the moment of deſertion," continued he, "which I now picture to myſelf,

myself, where will my child find comfort? — That heavenly aid religion gives, which now amidst these agonizing tortures, chears with the bright ray of consolation my frightened soul; that, she will be denied."

It is in this place proper to remark, that Mr. Milner was a member of the church of Rome, but on his marriage with a lady of Protestant tenets, they mutually agreed their sons should be educated in the religious opinion of their father, and their daughters in that of their mother. One child only was the result of their union, the child whose future welfare now occupied the thoughts of her expiring father — from him the care of her education had been withheld, as he kept inviolate the promise made to her departed

mother on the article of religion, and therefore configned his daughter to a Proteſtant boarding-ſchool, from whence ſhe was ſent with merely ſuch ſentiments of religion, as young ladies of faſhion moſtly imbibe. Her little heart employed in all the endleſs purſuits of perſonal accompliſhments, had left her mind without one ornament, except thoſe which nature gave, and even they were not wholly preſerved from the ravages made by its rival, *Art*.

While her father was in health he beheld with the extreme of delight, his accompliſhed daughter without one fault with which taſte or elegance could have reproached her, nor ever enquired what might be her other failings.—Caſt on a bed of ſickneſs, and upon the point of leaving her to her future fate,

thoſe

thoſe failings at once ruſhed on his memory—and all the pride, the fond enjoyment he had taken in beholding her open the ball, or delight her hearers with her ſprightly wit, eſcaped his remembrance; or not eſcaping, were thought of with a ſigh of contrition, or at beſt a contemptuous frown, at the frivolous qualification.

"Something more eſſential," ſaid he to himſelf, "muſt be conſidered—ſomething to prepare her for an hour like this I now experience—can I then leave her to the charge of thoſe who themſelves never remember ſuch an hour will come?—Dorriforth is the only perſon I know, who, uniting every moral virtue to thoſe of religion, and native honour to pious faith; will protect without controuling, inſtruct with-

out tyrannizing, comfort without flattering, and perhaps in time make good by choice rather than by conſtraint, the dear object of his dying friend's ſole care."

Dorriforth, who came poſt from London to viſit Mr. Milner in his illneſs, received a few moments before his death all his injunctions, and promiſed to fulfil them—but in this laſt token of Mr. Milner's perfect eſteem of his friend, he ſtill reſtrained him from all authority to direct his ward in one religious opinion contrary to thoſe her mother had profeſſed, and in which ſhe herſelf had been educated.

"Never perplex her mind with an idea that may diſturb, but cannot reform"—were his lateſt words, and Dorriforth's

Dorriforth's reply gave him entire ſatiſfaction.

Miſs Milner was not with her father at this affecting period—ſome delicately nervous friend, with whom ſhe was on a viſit at Bath, thought proper to conceal from her not only the danger of his death, but even his indiſpoſition, leſt it might alarm a mind ſhe thought too ſuſceptible. This refined tenderneſs gave poor Miſs Milner the almoſt inſupportable agony, of hearing her father was no more, even before ſhe was told he was not in health. In the bittereſt anguiſh ſhe flew to pay her laſt duty to his remains, and performed it with the trueſt filial love, while Dorriforth, upon important buſineſs, was obliged to return to town.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

Dorriforth returned to London heavily afflicted for the loss of his friend, and yet perhaps with his thoughts more engaged upon the trust that friend had repoſed in him. He knew the life Miſs Milner had been accuſtomed to lead; he dreaded the repulſes his admonitions might poſſibly meet from her; and feared he had undertaken a taſk he was too weak to execute — the protection of a young woman of faſhion.

Mr. Dorriforth was nearly related to one of our firſt catholic peers; his income was by no means confined, but approaching to affluence, yet his attention

tention to thoſe in poverty, and the moderation of his own deſires were ſuch, that he lived in all the careful plainneſs of œconomy—his habitation was in the houſe of a Mrs. Horton, an elderly lady, who had a maiden niece reſiding with her not many years younger than herſelf — But although Miſs Woodley was thirty, and in perſon exceedingly plain, yet ſhe poſſeſſed ſuch an extreme chearfulneſs of temper, and ſuch an inexhauſtible fund of good nature, that ſhe eſcaped not only the ridicule, but even the appellation of an old maid.

In this houſe Dorriforth had lived before the death of Mr. Horton, nor upon that event did he think it neceſſary, notwithſtanding his religious vow of celibacy, to fly the roof of

two

two ſuch unſeductive innocent females as Mrs. Horton and her niece—on their part, they regarded him with all that reſpect and reverence the moſt religious flock regards its paſtor; and his friendly ſociety they not only eſteemed a ſpiritual, but a temporal advantage, as the liberal ſtipend he allowed for his apartments and board enabled them to continue in the large and commodious houſe, where they had reſided during the life of Mr. Horton.

Here, upon Mr. Dorriforth's return from his journey, preparations were made for the reception of his ward, her father having made it one of his requeſts that ſhe might, for a time at leaſt, dwell in the ſame houſe with her guardian, receive the ſame viſits,

visits, and cultivate the acquaintance of his acquaintances and friends.

When the will of her father was made known to Miss Milner, she submitted without the smallest reluctance to all he had required—her mind, at that time impressed with the most poignant sorrow for his loss, made no distinction of happiness that was to come; and the day was appointed, with her silent acquiescence, when she was to arrive in London, and take up her abode at Mrs. Horton's, with all the retinue of a rich heiress.

Mrs. Horton was delighted with the addition this acquisition to her family was likely to make to her annual income, and to the style of her living.—The goodnatured Miss Woodley was over-

overjoyed at the expectation of their new guest, yet she herself could not tell why—but the reason was, her kind heart wanted more ample field for its benevolence; and now her thoughts were all pleasingly employed how she should render, not only the lady herself, but even all her attendants, happy in their new situation.

The thoughts of Dorriforth were less agreeably engaged — Cares, doubts, fears, possessed his mind—so forcibly possessed it, that upon every occasion which offered, he would inquisitively try to gain intelligence of his ward's disposition before he saw her; for he was, as yet, a stranger not only to the real propensities of her mind, but even to her person; a constant round of visits having prevented his meeting her at her

her father's, the very few times he had been at his houſe, ſince her return from boarding-ſchool. The firſt perſon whoſe opinion he, with all proper reſerve, aſked concerning Miſs Milner was lady Evans, the widow of a baronet who frequently viſited at Mrs. Horton's.

But that the reader may be intereſted in what Dorriforth ſays and does, it is neceſſary to give ſome deſcription of his perſon and manners. His figure was tall and elegant, but his face, except a pair of dark bright eyes, a ſet of white teeth, and a graceful fall in his clerical curls of dark brown hair, had not one feature to excite admiration—he poſſeſſed notwithſtanding ſuch a gleam of ſenſibility diffuſed over each, that many people miſtook his

his face for handsome, and all were more or less attracted by it—in a word, the charm that is here meant to be described is a countenance—on his countenance you beheld the feelings of his heart—saw all its inmost workings—the quick pulses that beat with hope and fear, or the placid ones that were stationary with patient resignation. On this countenance his thoughts were pictured, and as his mind was enriched with every virtue that could make it valuable, so was his honest face adorned with every emblem of those virtues—and they not only gave a lustre to his aspect, but added a harmonious sound to all he uttered; it was persuasive, it was perfect eloquence, whilst in his looks you behold his thoughts moving with his lips, and ever coinciding with what he said.

With

With one of those interesting looks which revealed the anxiety of his heart, and with that graceful restraint of all gesticulation, for which he was remarkable even in his most anxious concerns, he addressed lady Evans who had called on Mrs. Horton to hear and to tell the news of the day: "Your ladyship was at Bath last spring—you know the young lady to whom I have the honour of being appointed guardian.—Pray"—

He was earnestly intent upon asking a question, but was prevented by her ladyship.

"Dear Mr. Dorriforth, do not ask me any thing about the lady—when I saw her she was very young; though indeed that is but three months ago, and she can't be much older now."

"She is eighteen." Answered Dorriforth, colouring with regret at the

doubts her ladyſhip had increaſed, but not inſpired.

"And ſhe is very beautiful, that I can aſſure you." Replied her ladyſhip.

"Which I call no qualification." Said Dorriforth, riſing from his ſeat in evident uneaſineſs.

"But where there is nothing elſe," returned lady Evans, "let me tell you, beauty is ſomething."

"Much worſe than nothing, in my opinion." Returned Dorriforth.

"But now, Mr. Dorriforth, do not from what I have ſaid, frighten yourſelf, and imagine the young lady worſe than ſhe really is—all I know of her, is merely, that ſhe's a young, idle, indiſcreet, giddy girl, with half a dozen lovers in her ſuite; ſome coxcombs, ſome men of gallantry, ſome ſingle, and ſome married."

Dorriforth ſtarted.—"For the firſt time of my life," cried he with a manly ſorrow, "I wiſh I had never known her father."

"Nay," ſaid Mrs. Horton, who expected every thing to happen juſt as ſhe wiſhed, (for neither an excellent education, the beſt company, or long experience had been able to cultivate or brighten this good lady's underſtanding.) "Nay," ſaid ſhe, "I am ſure, Mr. Dorriforth, you will ſoon convert her from all her evil ways."

"Dear me," returned lady Evans, "I am ſure I never meant to hint at any thing evil—and for what I have ſaid, I will give you up my authors if you pleaſe; for they were not obſervations of my own; all I do is to mention them again."

The good natured Miss Woodley, who sat working at the window, an humble listener to this discourse, ventured on this to say exactly six words: "Then do'nt mention them any more."

"Let us change the subject," said Dorriforth.

"With all my heart," cried her ladyship, "and I am sure it will be to the young lady's advantage."

"Is she tall, or short?" asked Mrs. Horton, still wishing for farther information.

"Oh, tall enough of all conscience," returned lady Evans; "I tell you again there is no fault can be found with her person."

"But if her mind is defective"—exclaimed Dorriforth with a sigh—

"—That may be improved as well as the person." Cried Miss Woodley.

"No

"No my dear," returned her ladyship, "I never heard of a path to make strait an ill-shapen disposition."

"O yes, lady Evans," answered Miss Woodley, "good company, good books, experience, and the misfortunes of others, may have more power to form the mind to virtue, than"——

"Her ladyship would not suffer her to go on, but rising hastily from her seat, cried, "I must be gone—I have fifty people waiting for me at home—besides, were I inclined to hear a sermon, I should desire Mr. Dorriforth to preach, and not you."

Just then Mrs. Hillgrave was announced.—"And here is Mrs. Hillgrave."—Continued lady Evans—"I believe Mrs. Hillgrave you know Miss Milner, don't you? The young lady who has lately lost her father."

Mrs. Hillgrave was the wife of a merchant who had met with some severe losses, and as soon as the name of Miss Milner was uttered, she lifted up her hands, and the tears started in her eyes.

"There!" cried lady Evans, "I desire you will give your opinion of her, and I am sorry I cannot stay to hear it." Saying this, she courtesied and took her leave.

When Mrs. Hillgrave had been seated a few minutes, Mrs. Horton, who loved information equal to the most inquisitive of her sex, begged that lady,—"if she might be permitted to know, why, at the mention of Miss Milner, she had seemed so much affected?"

This

This queſtion intereſting the fears of Dorriforth, he turned anxiouſly round attentive to the reply.

"Miſs Milner," anſwered ſhe, "has been my benefactreſs, and the beſt I ever had." As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe took out her handkerchief and wiped away the tears that ran down her face.

"How ſo?" cried Dorriforth eagerly, with his eyes moiſtened with joy, nearly as much as her's were with gratitude.

"My huſband, at the commencement of his diſtreſſes," replied Mrs. Hillgrave, "owed a ſum of money to her father, and from repeated provocations, Mr. Milner was determined to ſeize upon all our effects—his daughter, however, procured us time in order to diſcharge the debt; and when ſhe found that time was inſufficient, and her father no lon-

gan to be diſſuaded from his intention, ſhe ſecretly ſold ſome of her moſt valuable ornaments to ſatisfy his demand and ſoften us from its conſequences." "

Dorriforth, pleaſed at this recital, took Mrs. Hillgrave by the hand, and told her "ſhe ſhould never want a friend."

"Is Miſs Milner tall, or ſhort?" again aſked Mrs. Horton, fearing from the ſudden pauſe which had enſued the ſubject ſhould be dropped.

"I don't know." Anſwered Mrs. Hillgrave.

"Is ſhe handſome, or ugly?"

"I really can't tell."

"It is very ſtrange you ſhould not take notice!"

"I did

"I did take notice, but I cannot depend upon my own judgment—to me she appeared beautiful as an angel, but perhaps I was deceived by the beauties of her disposition."

Dorriforth, pleased at this recital, took Mrs. Hillgrave by the hand, and told her "the world never wanted a fear," &c. "Mrs. Mother fall, or shun it," repeated Mrs. Horton, fearing from this sudden paule, which had enlued the word it should be dropped.

"I don't know." Answered Mrs. Hillgrave.

"Is she handsome, or ugly?"

"Really I really can't tell.

"It is very strange you should not take notice!"

CHAPTER III.

THIS gentlewoman's visit inspired Mr. Dorriforth with some confidence in the principles and character of his ward.—The day arrived on which she was to leave her late father's seat, to take up her abode at Mrs. Horton's; and he, accompanied by Miss Woodley, went in his carriage to meet her, and waited at an inn on the road for her reception.

After many a sigh paid to the memory of her father, Miss Milner, upon the tenth of November, arrived at the place, half way on her journey to town, where Dorriforth and Miss Woodley

Woodley were expecting her.—Beſides attendants, ſhe had with her a gentleman and a lady, diſtant relations of her mother's, who thought it but a proper teſtimony of their civility to attend her part of the way, but who ſo much envied her guardian the truſt Mr. Milner had repoſed in him, that as ſoon as they had delivered her ſafe into his care they returned.

When the carriage which brought Miſs Milner ſtopped at the inn gate, and her name was announced to Dorriforth, he turned pale—ſomething like a foreboding of diſaſter trembled at his heart, and conſequently darted over all his face.—Miſs Woodley was even obliged to rouze him from the dejection into which he was caſt, or he would

would have ſunk beneath it—ſhe was obliged alſo to be the firſt to welcome his lovely charge.—Lovely beyond deſcription.

But the ſprightly vivacity, the natural gaiety, which report had given to Miſs Milner, were ſoftened by her recent ſorrow to a meek ſadneſs—and that haughty diſplay of charms, imputed to her manners, was changed to a penſive demeanor.—The inſtant Dorriforth was introduced to her by Miſs Woodley as her "Guardian, and her deceaſed father's moſt beloved friend," ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, knelt down to him for a moment, and promiſed ever to obey him as her father. —He had his handkerchief to his face at the time, or ſhe would have beheld the

the agitation of his heart—the remoteſt ſenſations of his ſoul.

This affecting introduction being over, and ſome minutes paſſed in general converſation, the carriages were again ordered, and, bidding farewell to the friends who had accompanied her, Miſs Milner, her guardian, and Miſs Woodley departed for town; the two ladies in Miſs Milner's carriage, and Dorriforth in that in which he came.

Miſs Woodley, as they rode along, made no attempts to ingratiate herſelf with Miſs Milner; though, perhaps, it might conſtitute one of her firſt wiſhes—ſhe behaved to her but as ſhe conſtantly behaved to every other creature—that was ſufficient to gain the

eſteem

eſteem of one, poſſeſſed of an underſtanding equal to this young lady's —ſhe had penetration to diſcover Miſs Woodley's unaffected worth, and was ſoon induced to reward it with the warmeſt friendſhip.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER a night's reſt in London, leſs ſtrongly impreſſed with the loſs of her father, reconciled, if not already attached to her new acquaintance, her thoughts pleaſingly occupied with the reflection ſhe was in that gay metropolis—a wild rapturous picture of which her active fancy had often formed—Miſs Milner aroſe from a peaceful and refreſhing ſleep, with much of that vivacity, and all thoſe airy charms, which for a while had yielded their tranſcendent power, to leſs potent ſadneſs.

Beautiful as ſhe had appeared to Miſs Woodley and to Dorriforth the pre-

preceding day, when she joined them the next morning at breakfast, repossessed of her lively elegance and dignified simplicity, they gazed at her, and at each other alternately, with wonder!—and Mrs. Horton, as she sat at the head of her tea-table, felt herself but as a menial servant, such command has beauty if united with sense and with virtue.—In Miss Milner it was so united.—Yet let not our over-scrupulous readers be misled, and extend their idea of her virtue so as to magnify it beyond that which frail mortals commonly possess; nor must they cavil, if, on a nearer view, they find it less—but let them consider, that if Miss Milner had more faults than generally belong to others, she had likewise more temptations.

From

From her infancy ſhe had been indulged in all her wiſhes to the extreme of folly, and habitually ſtarted at the unpleaſant voice of controul—ſhe was beautiful, ſhe had been too frequently told the high value of that beauty, and thought thoſe moments paſſed in waſteful idleneſs during which ſhe was not gaining ſome new conqueſt—ſhe had beſides a quick ſenſibility, which too frequently diſcovered itſelf in the immediate reſentment of injury or neglect—ſhe had acquired alſo the dangerous character of a wit; but to which ſhe had no real pretenſions, although the moſt diſcerning critic, hearing her converſe, might fall into this miſtake.—Her replies had all the effect of repartee, not becauſe ſhe poſſeſſed thoſe qualities which can properly be called wit, but that what ſhe ſaid was ſpoken

with an energy, an inſtantaneous and powerful perception of what ſhe ſaid, joined with a real or well-counterfeited ſimplicity, a quick turn of the eye, and an arch ſmile of the countenance.—Her words were but the words of others, and, like thoſe of others, put into common ſentences; but the delivery made them paſs for wit, as grace in an ill proportioned figure, will often make it paſs for ſymmetry.

And now—leaving deſcription—the reader muſt form a judgment of her by her actions; by all the round of great or trivial circumſtances that ſhall be related.

At breakfaſt, which was juſt begun at the beginning of this chapter, the converſation was lively on the part of Miſs

Miſs Milner, wiſe on the part of Dorriſorth, good on the part of Miſs Woodley, and an endeavour at all three on the part of Mrs. Horton.—The diſcourſe at length drew from Mr. Dorriſorth this obſervation.

"You have a greater reſemblance of your father, Miſs Milner, than I imagined you had from report: I did not expect to find you ſo like him."

"Nor did I, Mr. Dorriſorth, expect to find you any thing like what you are."

"No?—pray, madam, what did you expect to find me?"

"I expected to find you an elderly man, and a plain man."

This was ſpoken in an artleſs manner, but in a tone which obviouſly declared ſhe thought her guardian both young and handſome.—He replied, but

not without ſome little embarraſſment, "A plain man you ſhall find me in all my actions,"

She returned, "Then your actions are to contradict your looks."

For in what ſhe ſaid, Miſs Milner had the quality peculiar to wits, to ſpeak the thought that firſt occurs, which thought has generally truth on its ſide.—On this he ventured to pay her a compliment in return.

"You, Miſs Milner, I ſhould ſuppoſe, muſt be a very bad judge of what is plain, and what is not."

"How ſo, Sir?"

"Becauſe I am ſure you will readily own you do not think yourſelf handſome, and allowing that, you inſtantly want judgment."

"And

"And I would rather want judgment than beauty," ſhe replied, "and ſo I give up the one for the other."

With a ſerious face, as if propoſing a moſt ſerious queſtion, Dorriforth continued, "And you really believe you are not handſome?"

"I ſhould from my own opinion believe ſo, but in ſome reſpects I am like you Roman Catholics; I don't believe from my own underſtanding, but from what other people tell me."

"And let this be the criterion," replied Dorriforth, "that what we teach is truth; for you find you would be deceived did you not truſt to perſons who know better than yourſelf.—But, my dear Miſs Milner, we will talk upon ſome other topic, and never reſume this again—we differ in opinion, I dare ſay, on one

ſubject only, and this difference I hope will never extend itſelf to any other.—Therefore, let not religion be named between us; for as I have reſolved never to perſecute you, in pity be grateful, and do not perſecute me."

Miſs Milner looked with ſurpriſe that any thing ſo lightly ſaid, ſhould be ſo ſeriouſly received.—The kind Miſs Woodley ejaculated a ſhort prayer to herſelf, that heaven would forgive her young friend the involuntary ſin of ignorance—while Mrs. Horton, unperceived as ſhe imagined, made the ſign of the croſs upon her forehead to prevent the infectious taint of Heretical opinions. This, pious ceremony, Miſs Milner, by chance, obſerved, and now ſhewed ſuch an evident propenſity to burſt into a fit of laughter, that the good

good lady of the houſe could no longer contain her reſentment, but exclaimed, "God forgive you." With a ſeverity ſo far different from the idea the words conveyed, that the object of her anger was, on this, obliged freely to indulge that riſibility which ſhe had been ſtruggling to ſmother; and without longer ſuffering under the agony of reſtraint, ſhe gave way to her humour, and laughed with a liberty ſo uncontrouled, that in a ſhort time left her in the room with none but the tender-hearted Miſs Woodley a witneſs of her folly.

"My dear Miſs Woodley," (then cried Miſs Milner, after recovering herſelf,) "I am afraid you will not forgive me."

"No, indeed I will not." Returned Miſs Woodley.

But how unimportant, how weak, how ineffectual are *words* in converſation—looks and manners alone expreſs—for Miſs Woodley, with her charitable face and mild accents, ſaying ſhe would not forgive, implied only forgiveneſs—while Mrs. Horton, with her enraged voice and aſpect, begging heaven to pardon the offender, palpably ſaid, ſhe thought her unworthy of all pardon.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

SIX weeks have now elapſed ſince Miſs Milner has been in London, partaking with delight in all its pleaſures, whilſt Dorriforth has been ſighing with apprehenſion, attending with precaution, and praying with the moſt zealous fervour for her ſafety.—Her own and her guardian's acquaintance, and the new friendſhips (to ſpeak in the unmeaning language of the world) which ſhe was continually forming, crowded ſo perpetually to the houſe, that ſeldom had Dorriforth even a moment left from her viſits or viſitors, to warn her of her danger—yet when a moment offered, he ſnatched it eagerly —preſſed the neceſſity of "time not always

ways paſſed in ſociety; of reflection; of reading; of thoughts for a future ſtate; and of virtues acquired to make old age ſupportable."—That forcible power of innate feeling, which directs the tongue to eloquence, had its effect while ſhe liſtened to him, and ſhe ſometimes put on the looks and geſture of aſſent, and ſometimes even ſpoke the language of conviction; but this, the firſt call of diſſipation would change to ill-timed raillery, or peeviſh remonſtrance at being limited in delights her birth and fortune entitled her to enjoy.

Among the many viſitors who attended at her levees, and followed wherever ſhe went, was one that ſeemed, even when abſent, to ſhare her thoughts. —This was Lord Frederick Lawnly, the ſon of a duke, and the avowed favou-

rite

rite of all the moſt diſcerning women of taſte.

Lord Frederick was not more than twenty-three; ſprightly, elegant, extremely handſome, and poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment to captivate a heart leſs ſuſceptible of love than Miſs Milner's was ſuppoſed to be.—With theſe allurements, no wonder if ſhe took a pleaſure in his company—no wonder if ſhe took a pride to have it known he was among the number of her moſt devoted admirers.—Dorriforth beheld the growing intimacy with alternate pain and pleaſure—he wiſhed to ſee Miſs Milner married, to ſee his charge in the protection of another, rather than of himſelf; yet under the care of a young nobleman, immerſed in all the vices of the town, without one moral

ral excellence, but such as might result eventually from the influence of the moment.—Under such care he trembled for her happiness—yet trembled more lest her heart should be purloined, without even the authority of matrimonial views.

With these sentiments Dorriforth could never disguise his uneasiness at the sight of Lord Frederick, nor could his lordship but discern the suspicion of the guardian, and consequently each was embarrassed in the presence of the other.—Miss Milner observed, but observed with indifference, the sensations of both—there was but one passion which at present held a place in her heart, and that was vanity; vanity defined into all the species of pride, vainglory, self-approbation—an inordinate desire

desire of admiration, and an immoderate enjoyment of the art of pleasing, for her own individual happiness, and not for the happiness of others. Still had she a heart inclined, and oftentimes affected by tendencies less unworthy; but those approaches to what was estimable, were generally arrested in their first impulse by some darling folly.

Miss Woodley (who could discover virtue, although of the most diminitive kind, and scarcely through the magnifying glass of calumny could ever perceive a fault) was Miss Milner's constant companion, and her advocate with Dorriforth, whenever, during her absence, she became the subject of discourse—he listened with hope to the praises of her friend, but saw with despair how little they were merited.—Some-

Sometimes he ſtruggled to contain his anger, but oftener ſtrove to ſuppreſs tears of pity for her hapleſs ſtate.

By this time all her acquaintance had given Lord Frederick to her as a lover, the ſervants whiſpered it, and ſome of the public prints had even fixed the day of marriage;—but as no explanation had taken place on the part of his lordſhip, Dorriforth's uneaſineſs was encreaſed, and he ſeriouſly told his Ward he thought it prudent to entreat lord Frederick to deſiſt viſiting her.—She ſmiled with ridicule at the caution, but finding it a ſecond time repeated, and in a manner that ſavoured of authority, ſhe promiſed to make, and to enforce the requeſt.—The next time his lordſhip came ſhe did ſo, aſſuring him it was by her guardian's deſire; "who from

from motives of delicacy had permitted her rather to solicit as a favour, what he himself would make as a demand."—Lord Frederick reddened with anger—he loved Miss Milner, but he doubted whether (from the frequent proofs he had experienced of his own inconstancy) he should continue to love—and this interference of her guardian threatened an explanation or a dismission, before he became thoroughly acquainted with his own heart.—Alarmed, confounded, and provoked, he replied,

"By heaven I believe Mr. Dorriforth loves you himself, and it is jealousy makes him treat me thus."

"For shame, my lord!" cried Miss Woodley, who was present, and trembling with horror at the sacrilegious idea.

"Nay,

"Nay, ſhame for him if he be not in love"—anſwered his lordſhip, "for what but a ſavage could behold beauty like her's, and not own its power?"

"Habit," replied Miſs Milner, "is every thing—and Mr. Dorriforth ſees and converſes with beauty, and from habit does not fall in love, as you, my lord, merely from habit do."

"Then you believe," cried he, "love is not in my nature?"

"No more of it, my lord, than habit could very ſoon extinguiſh."

"But I would not have it extinguiſhed—I would rather it ſhould mount to a flame, for I think it a crime to be inſenſible of the bleſſings love can beſtow."

"Then your lordſhip indulges the paſſion to avoid a ſin?—the very motive which deters Mr. Dorriforth."

"Which

"Which ought to deter him, madam, for the ſake of his oaths, theſe monaſtick vows, like thoſe of marriage, were made to be broken—and ſurely when your guardian looks on you, his wiſhes"——

"Are never leſs pure," returned Miſs Milner eagerly, "than thoſe which dwell in the boſom of my celeſtial guardian."

At that inſtant Dorriforth entered the room. The colour had mounted into Miſs Milner's face from the warmth with which ſhe had delivered her opinion, and his entering at the very moment this compliment had been paid in his abſence, heightened the bluſh to a deep glow on every feature, and a confuſion that trembled on her lips and ſhook through all her frame.

"What's the matter?" cried Dorriforth, looking with concern on her disconcerted countenance.

"A compliment paid by himself to you, Sir," replied his lordship, "has thus affected the lady."

"As if she blushed at the untruth," said Dorriforth.

"Nay, that is unkind," cried Miss Woodley, "for if you had been here"——

"—I would not have said what I did," replied Miss Milner, "but left him to vindicate himself."

"Is it possible I can want vindication?" returned Dorriforth, "Who would think it worth their while to slander so unimportant a person as I am?"

"The man who has the charge of Miss Milner," replied lord Frederick, "derives a consequence from her."

"No

"No ill consequence, I hope, my lord?" replied Dorriforth with a firmness in his voice, and an eye fixed so steadfastly, that his lordship hesitated for a moment in want of a reply—and Miss Milner softly whispering to him, as her guardian turned his head, to avoid an argument, he bowed acquiescence.—And then, as incompliment to her, he wished to change the subject, with a smile of ridicule he cried,

"I wish, Mr. Dorriforth, you would give me absolution of all my sins, for I confess they are many, and manifold."

"Hold, my Lord," exclaimed Dorriforth, "do not confess before the ladies, lest in order to excite their compassion, you should be tempted to accuse yourself of sins, you have never yet committed."

At this Miſs Milner laughed, ſeemingly ſo well pleaſed, that lord Frederick with a ſarcaſtic ſneer, repeated,

"From Abelard it came,
"And Heloiſa ſtill muſt love the name."

Whether from an inattention to the quotation, or from a conſciouſneſs it was wholly inapplicable, Dorriforth heard it without one emotion of ſhame or of anger—while Miſs Milner ſeemed ſhocked at the implication; her pleaſantry was immediately depreſſed, and ſhe threw open the ſaſh and held her head out at the window to conceal the embarraſſment theſe lines had occaſioned.

The earl of Elmwood was at this juncture announced—a Catholic nobleman, juſt come of age, and on the eve of mar-

marriage—his Lordship's visit was to his cousin, Mr. Dorriforth, but as all ceremonious visits were alike received by Dorriforth, Miss Milner, and Mrs. Horton's family in one common apartment, lord Elmwood was ushered into this, and for the present directed the conversation to a different subject.

CHAPTER VI.

IN anxious deſire that the affection, or acquaintance, between lord Frederick Lawely and Miſs Milnet might be finally broken, her guardian received with the higheſt ſatisfaction, overtures from Sir Edward Aſhton, in behalf of his paſſion for that young lady.—Sir Edward was not young or handſome; old or ugly; but immenſely rich, and poſſeſſed of qualities that made him, in every ſenſe, worthy the happineſs to which he aſpired.—He was the man Dorriforth would have choſen before any other for the huſband of his Ward, and his wiſhes made him ſometimes hope, againſt his reaſon, that Sir Edward

ward would not be rejected—and he resolved to try the force of his own power in the strongest recommendation of him.

Notwithstanding that dissimilarity of opinion, which in almost every respect, subsisted between Miss Milner and her guardian, there was generally the most punctilious observance of good manners from each towards the other—on the part of Dorriforth more especially; for his politeness would sometimes appear even like the result of a system he had marked out for himself, as the only means to keep his Ward restrained within the same limitations.—Whenever he addressed her there was an unusual reserve upon his countenance, and more than usual gentleness in his tone of voice; which seemed the effect of sentiments her birth and situation inspired,

joined to a ſtudied mode of reſpect beſt ſuited to enforce the ſame from her. The wiſhed-for conſequence was produced—for though there was an inſtinctive rectitude in the underſtanding of Miſs Milner that would have taught her, without other inſtruction, what manners to obſerve towards her deputed father; yet, from ſome volatile thought, or ſome quick ſenſe of feeling, ſhe had not been accuſtomed to ſubdue, ſhe was perpetually on the verge of treating him with levity; but he would immediately recall her recollection by a reſerve too awful, and a gentleneſs too ſacred for her to violate. The diſtinction which both required, was thus, by his ſkilful management alone, preſerved.

One morning he took an opportunity, before her and Miſs Woodley, to introduce

introduce and press the subject of Sir Edward Ashton's hopes. He first spoke warmly in his praise, then plainly told Miss Milner she believed she possessed the power to make so deserving a man happy to the summit of his wishes. A laugh of ridicule was the only answer,—but a sudden and expressive frown from Dorriforth having quickly put an end to it, he resumed his wonted politeness and said,

"I wish, Miss Milner, you would shew more good taste than thus pointedly to disapprove of Sir Edward."

"How, Mr. Dorriforth," replied she, "can you expect me to give proofs of a good taste, when Sir Edward, whom you consider with such high esteem, has given so bad an example of his, in approving of me?"

Dorriforth wished not to flatter her frailty

frailty by a compliment: she seemed to
hesitated what to say.

"Answer, Sir, that question," She cried.

"Why then, madam," replied he, "it is my opinion, that supposing what your humility has advanced to be just, yet Sir Edward will not suffer by the suggestion; for in cases where the heart is so immediately concerned, as I believe Sir Edward's to be, good taste, or rather reason, has not proper power to act."

"You are right, Mr. Dorriforth; this is a thorough justification of Sir Edward—and when I fall in love, I must beg you will make the same excuse for me."

"Then," returned he earnestly, "before your heart is in that state I have described, exert your reason."

"I shall,"

"I shall," answered she, "not consent to marry a man whom I could never love."

"Unless your heart is already given away, Miss Milner, what can make you speak with such a degree of certainty?"

He thought on Lord Frederick while he said this, and he fixed his eyes upon her as if he wished to penetrate her sentiments, and yet trembled for what he might find there.—She blushed, and her looks would have confirmed her guilty, had not a free and unembarrassed tone of voice, more than her words, preserved her from that sentence.

"No," she replied, "my heart is not given away, and yet I can venture to declare Sir Edward will never possess an atom of it."

"I am

"I am ſorry, for both your ſakes, theſe are your ſentiments,—he replied, "But as your heart is ſtill your own, (and he ſeemed rejoiced to find it was) "permit me to warn you how you part with a thing ſo precious—the dangers, the ſorrows you hazard in beſtowing it, are greater than you may be aware of. The heart once gone, our thoughts, our actions, are no more our own, than that is."——He ſeemed *forcing* himſelf to utter all this, and yet to break off as if he could have ſaid much more, had not the extreme delicacy of the ſubject prevented him.

When he left the room, and Miſs Milner heard the door ſhut after him, ſhe ſaid with a thoughful and inquiſitive earneſtneſs, "what can make good people

people ſo ſkilled in all the weakneſſes of the bad?" Mr. Dorriforth, with all thoſe prudent admonitions, appears rather like a man who has paſſed his life in the gay world, experienced all its dangerous allurements, all its repentant ſorrows, than like one who has lived his whole time ſecluded in a monaſtry or his own ſtudy.—Then he ſpeaks with ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility on the ſubject of love, he commends the very thing he would decry.—I do not think my lord Frederick could make the paſſion appear in more pleaſing colours by painting its delights, than Mr. Dorriforth can in deſcribing its ſorrows—and if he talks to me frequently in this manner, I ſhall certainly take pity on his lordſhip, for the ſake of his eternal eloquence."

Miſs

Miss Woodley, who heard the conclusion of this speech with the tenderest concern, cried, "Alas! you then think seriously of Lord Frederick!"

"Suppose I do, wherefore that *alas!* Miss Woodley?"

"Because I fear you will never be happy with him."

"That is plainly telling me he will not be happy with me."

"I cannot speak of marriage from experience," answered Miss Woodley, "but I think I can guess what it is."

"Nor can I speak of love from experience," replied Miss Milner, "but I think I can guess what it is."

"But do not fall in love, my dear Miss Milner," (cried Miss Woodley, with an earnestness as if she had been asking a favour that depended upon the will of the person entreated,) "do

not fall in love without the approbation of your guardian."

Her young friend laughed at the inefficacious prayer, but promised to do "all she could to oblige her."

CHAPTER VII.

SIR Edward, not wholly discouraged by the denial with which Dorriforth had, with delicacy, acquainted him, still hoped for a kinder reception, and was so frequently in the house of Mrs. Horton, that lord Frederick's jealousy was excited, and the tortures he suffered in consequence, convinced him beyond a doubt of the sincerity of his affection. He now, every time he beheld the object of his passion, (for he still continued his visits, tho' less frequently than before) pleaded his cause so ardently, that Miss Woodley, who was occasionally present, and ever compassionate, could scarce resist wishing him success. He now unequivocally offered

offered marriage, and entreated to be suffered to lay his propoſals before Mr. Dorriforth, but this Miſs Milner poſitively forbid.

Her reluctance he imputed, however, more to the known partiality of her guardian to the addreſſes of Sir Edward, than to any motive which depended upon herſelf; and to Mr. Dorriforth his lordſhip conceived a greater diſlike than ever; believing that through his interpoſition, in ſpite of his ward's attachment, he might yet be deprived of her—but Miſs Milner declared both to him and to her friend, Love had, at preſent, gained no one influence over her mind.—Yet did the watchful Miſs Woodley oftentimes hear a ſigh burſt forth, unknowing to herſelf, till ſhe was reminded of

it; and then a sudden blush of shame would instantly spread over her face.—This seeming struggle with her passion, endeared her more than ever to Miss Woodley; and she would have made the dispute short by her ready compliance in every new pursuit that might amuse the time, but else saw passed by her friend in heaviness of heart.

Balls, plays, incessant company, at length rouzed her guardian from that mildness with which he had been accustomed to treat her — night after night, his sleep had been disturbed by fears for her safety while abroad; morning after morning, it had been broken by the clamour of her return.—He therefore said to her one forenoon as he met her accidentally upon the stair case,

"I hope,

—evening at home?" Unprepared for the sudden question, she blushed and replied, "I do." While she knew she was engaged to a brilliant assembly, for which she had been a whole week consulting her milliner in preparation.

She, however, flattered herself what she had said to Mr. Dorriforth might be excused as a slight mistake, the lapse of memory, or some other trifling fault, when he should know the truth—the truth was earlier divulged than she expected—for just as dinner was removed, her footman delivered a message to her from her milliner concerning a new dress for the evening—the *present evening* particularly marked.—Dorriforth looked astonished.

"I thought, Miss Milner, you gave me your word you would pass this evening at home?"

"I mistook then—for I had before given my word I should pass it abroad."

"Indeed?" cried he.

"Yes, indeed," returned she, "and I believe it is right I should keep my first promise; is it not?"

"The promise you gave me then, you do not think of any consequence."

"Yes, certainly; if you do."

"I do."

"And mean, perhaps, to make it of much more consequence than it deserves, by being offended."

"Whether or not, I am offended—you shall find I am." And he looked so.

She caught his piercing, stedfast eye—her's were immediately cast down; and she

ſhe trembled—either with ſhame or with reſentment.

Mrs. Horton roſe from her ſeat—moved the decanters and the fruit round the table—ſtirred the fire—and came back to her ſeat again, before another word was uttered.—Nor had this good woman's officious labours taken the leaſt from the aukwardneſs of the ſilence, which as ſoon as the buſtle ſhe had made was over, returned in its full force.

At laſt, Miſs Milner, riſing with alacrity, was preparing to go out of the room, when Dorriforth raiſed his voice, and in a tone of authority ſaid,

"Miſs Milner, you ſhall not leave the houſe this evening."

"Sir?"—ſhe exclaimed with a kind of doubt of what ſhe had heard—a ſur-

pride, which fixed her hand on the door she had half opened, but which now she shewed herself irresolute whether to open wide in defiance, or to shut submissive. — Before she could resolve, Dornforth arose from his seat, and said with a degree of force and warmth she had never heard him speak with before,

"I command you to stay at home this evening."

And he walked immediately out of the apartment by the opposite door. —Her hand fell motionless from that she held — she appeared motionless herself for some time; — till Mrs. Horton, "beseeching her not to be uneasy at the treatment she had received," caused a flood of tears to flow, and her bosom to heave as if her heart was breaking.

Miss

Miss Woodley would have said some thing to comfort her, but she had caught the infection, and could not utter a word—not from any real cause of grief did this lady weep, but there was a magnetic quality in tears, which always drew forth hers.

Mrs. Horton secretly enjoyed this scene, although the real well meaning of her heart, and ease of her conscience, did not tell her so—she, however, declared she had "long prognosticated it would come to this;" and she "now only thanked heaven it was no worse."

"What would you have worse, madam?" cried Miss Milner, "am not I disappointed of the ball?"

"You don't mean to go then?" said Mrs. Horton; "I commend your prudence; and I dare say it is more

than your guardian gives you credit for."

"Do you think I would go," answered Miſs Milner, with an earneſtneſs that for a time ſuppreſſed her tears, "in contradiction to his will?"

"It is not the firſt time, I believe, you have acted contrary to that, Miſs Milner." Returned Mrs. Horton, and affected a tenderneſs of voice, to ſoften the harſhneſs of her words.

"If that is the caſe, madam," replied Miſs Milner, "I ſee nothing that ſhould prevent me now." And ſhe flung out of the room as if ſhe had reſolved to diſobey him.—This alarmed poor Miſs Woodley.

"Dear Aunt," ſhe cried to Mrs. Horton, "follow and prevail upon Miſs Milner to give up her deſign; ſhe means to

to go to the ball in oppoſition to her guardian's will."

"Then," cried Mrs. Horton, "I'll not be an inſtrument in deterring her—if ſhe does, it may be for the beſt; it may give Mr. Dorriforth a clearer knowledge what means are proper to uſe, to convert her from evil."

"But, dear madam, ſhe muſt be prevented the evil of diſobedience; and as you tempted, you will be the moſt likely to diſſuade her—but if you will not, I muſt endeavour."

Miſs Woodley was leaving the room to perform this good deſign, when Mrs. Horton, in humble imitation of the example given her by Dorriforth, cried,

"Niece, I command you not to ſtir out of this room, this evening."

Miſs Woodley obediently ſat down—and though her thoughts and heart were

were in the chamber with their friend; she never shewed by one impertinent word, or by one line of her face, the restraint she suffered.

At the usual hour, Mr. Dorriforth and his ward were summoned to tea. Dorriforth entered with a countenance which evinced the remains of anger: his eye gave testimony of his absent thoughts; and although he took up a pamphlet and affected to read, it was plain to discern he scarcely knew he held it in his hand.

Mrs. Horton began to make tea with a mind as wholly intent upon something else, as Dorriforth's—she was longing for the event of this misunderstanding, (for to age trivial matters are important,) and though she wished no

ill

ill to Miss Milner, yet with an inclination bent upon seeing something new—still without the fatigue of going out of her own house — she who was over scrupulous what that novelty might be.— But for fear she should have the imprudence to speak a word upon the subject which employed her thoughts, or even look as if she thought of it at all, she pinched her lips close together, and cast her eyes on vacancy, lest their significant regards might detect her.— And for fear any noise should intercept even the sound of what might happen, she walked across the room more softly than usual, and more softly touched every thing she was obliged to lay her hand on.—

Miss Woodley thought it her duty to be mute, and now the gentle gingle

of

of a tea-ſpoon, was like a deep-toned bell, all was ſo quiet.

Mrs. Horton too, in the ſelf-approving reflection that ſhe herſelf was not in any quarrel, or altercation of any kind, felt at this moment remarkably peaceful, and charitable.—Miſs Woodley did not recollect *herſelf* ſo, but was ſo in reality—in her peace and charity were inſtinctive virtues, accident could not encreaſe them.

The firſt cups of tea were ſcarcely poured out, when a ſervant came with Miſs Milner's compliments and ſhe ſhould drink none.—The book ſhaked in Dorriforth's hand while this meſſage was delivered—he believed her to be dreſſing for her evening's entertainment, and now ſtudied in what manner to prevent, or to reſent it.—He coughed,

—drank

—drank his tea—endeavoured to talk, but found it difficult—sometimes read—and in this manner near two hours were passed away, when Miss Milner came into the room.——Not dress'd for ball, but as she had rose from dinner.—Dorriforth read on, and seemed afraid to look up, left he should behold what he could not have pardoned.—She drew a chair and sat down at the table by the side of Miss Woodley.

After a few minutes pause, and some small embarrassment on the part of Mrs. Horton, at the disappointment she had to contend with from Miss Milner's unexpected obedience, she asked that young lady "if she would now take tea?"—to which Miss Milner replied, "no, I thank you, ma'am," in a voice so languid, compared to her usual one, that

Mr. Derriford lifted his eyes from the book, and seeing her in the same negligent dress she had worn all the day, cast them away again—not with a look of triumph, but of confusion.

And whatever he might have suffered had he beheld her decorated, and on the point of bidding defiance to his commands, yet even upon that trial, he had not endured half the painful sensations he now for a moment felt—he felt himself to blame.

He feared he had treated her with too much severity—he admired her condescension, accused himself for exacting it—he longed to ask her pardon, he did not know how.

A chearful reply from her, to a question of Miss Woodley's, embarrassed him still more—he wished she had been sullen,

fallen, he then would have had a temptation or a pretence to have been so

With all these thoughts crowding fast on his mind he ſtill read, or ſeemed to read, and to take no notice of what was paſſing; till a ſervant entered and aſked Miſs Milner what time ſhe ſhould want the chariot? to which ſhe replied, "I don't go out to night." —He then laid the book out of his hand, and by the time the ſervant had left the room, thus began

"Miſs Milner, I give you, I fear, ſome unkind proofs of my regard—it is often the ungrateful taſk of a friend to be troubleſome — ſometimes unmannerly.—Forgive the duty of my office, and believe no one is half ſo much concerned

concerned if it robs you of any amuſements, as I myſelf am."

What he ſaid, he looked with ſo much ſincerity, that had ſhe been burning with rage at his behaviour, ſhe muſt have forgiven him, for the regret he ſo forcibly expreſt.—She was going to reply, but found ſhe could not without accompanying her words with tears, therefore as ſoon as ſhe attempted ſhe deſiſted.

On this he roſe from his ſeat, and going to her, ſaid, "Once more ſhew your ſubmiſſion by obeying me a ſecond time to day.—Keep your appointment, and be aſſured I ſhall iſſue my commands with greater circumſpection for the future, as I find how ſtrictly they are complied with."

Miſs Milner, the gay, the proud, the haughty Miſs Milner, ſunk underneath

neath this kindneſs, and wept with a gentleneſs and patience, which did not give more ſurpriſe than it gave ſatisfaction to Dorriforth.—He was charmed to find her diſpoſition ſo little untractable —forboded the future proſperity of his guardianſhip, and her eternal, as well as temporal happineſs from this ſpecimen.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH Dorriforth was that good man that has been described, there was in his nature shades of evil—there was an obstinacy; such as he himself, and his friends termed firmness of mind; but had not religion and some opposite virtues weighed heavy in the balance, it would frequently have degenerated into implacable stubbornness.

The child of a once beloved sister, who married a young officer against her brother's consent, was at the age of three years left an orphan, destitute of every support but from his uncle's generosity: but though Dorriforth mentioned, he would never see him. Miss Milner,

Milner, whose heart was a receptacle for the unfortunate, no sooner was told the melancholy history of Mr. and Mrs. Rusbrook, the parents of the child, than she longed to behold the innocent inheritor of her guardian's resentment, and took Miss Woodley with her to see the boy—he was at a farm house a few miles from town; and his extreme beauty and engaging manners, needed not the sorrows to which he had been born, to give him farther recommendation to the kindness of her, who had come to visit him. She beheld him with admiration and pity, and having endeared herself to him by the most affectionate words and caresses, on her bidding him farewell, he cried most sorrowfully to go along with her. Unused to resist temptations, whether to reprehensible, or to laudable actions, she yielded to his

ſupplications, and having overcome a few ſcruples of Miſs Woodley's, determined to take young Ruſbrook to town and preſent him to his uncle. This idea was no ſooner formed than executed. —By making a preſent to the nurſe, ſhe readily gained her conſent to part with him for a day or two, and the ſigns of joy the child denoted on being put into the carriage, ſeemed to repay her before-hand, for every reproof ſhe might receive from her guardian, for the liberty ſhe had taken.

"Beſides," ſaid ſhe to Miſs Woodley, who had ſtill her apprehenſions, "do you not wiſh his uncle ſhould have ſome warmer intereſt in his care than duty? —it is that alone, which induces Mr. Dorriforth to provide for him, but it is proper, affection, ſhould have ſome ſhare in his benevolence—and how, hereafter, will

will he be ſo fit an object for that love, which compaſſion muſt excite, as he is at preſent?"

Miſs Woodley acquieſced.—But before they arrived at their own door it came into Miſs Milner's remembrance, there was a grave ſternneſs in the manners of her guardian when provoked; the recollection of which, made her ſomething apprehenſive for what ſhe had done—Miſs Woodley was more ſo.—They both became ſilent as they approached the ſtreet where they lived—for Miſs Woodley having once repreſented her fears, and having ſuppreſſed them in reſignation to Miſs Milner's better judgment, would not repeat them—and Miſs Milner would not confeſs they were now troubling her.

Juſt, however, as the coach ſtopt, ſhe had the forecaſt and the humility

to say, "we will not tell Mr. Dorriforth the child is his nephew, Miss Woodley, unless he should appear fond, and pleased with him, and then we may venture without any danger."

This was agreed, and when Dorriforth entered the room just before dinner, poor Harry Rusbrook was introduced to him as the son of a lady who frequently visited there. The deception passed — Dorriforth shook hands with him, and at length highly pleased with his engaging wiles, and applicable replies, took him on his knee, and kissed him with affection. Miss Milner could scarcely restrain the joy this gave her; but unluckily, Dorriforth said soon after to the child, "and now tell me your name."

"Harry Rusbrook." Replied he with great force and clearness in his voice.

Dorriforth was holding him fondly round the waiſt as he ſtood with his feet upon his knees; and at this reply he did not throw him from him—but he removed his hands, which ſupported him, ſo ſuddenly, that the child to prevent falling on the floor, threw himſelf about his uncle's neck.—Miſs Milner and Miſs Woodley turned aſide to conceal their tears. "I had liked to have been down." Cried Harry, fearing no other danger.—But his uncle took hold of each hand that had twined around him, and placed him immediately on the ground; and dinner being that inſtant ſerved, he gave no greater marks of his reſentment than calling for his hat, and walking inſtantly out of the houſe.

Miſs Milner cried for anger; yet ſhe did not treat with leſs kindneſs the ob-

ject of this vexatious circumſtance: ſhe held him in her arms all the while ſhe ſat at table, and repeatedly ſaid to him, (though he had not the ſenſe to thank her) "ſhe would always be his friend."

The firſt emotions of reſentment againſt Dorriforth being over, ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to return with poor Ruſbrook to the farm houſe, before it was likely his uncle ſhould come back; another inſtance of obedience which Miſs Woodley was impatient her guardian ſhould know; ſhe therefore enquired where he was, and ſent him a note to acquaint him with it, offering at the ſame time an apology for what had happened. He returned in the evening ſeemingly reconciled, nor was a word mentioned of the incident which had occurred during the

the day; yet there remained in the austere looks of Dorriforth a perfect remembrance of it, and not one trait of compassion for his helpless nephew.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE are few things ſo mortifying to a proud ſpirit as to ſuffer by immediate compariſon — men, can ſcarcely bear this humiliation, but to women the puniſhment is intolerable; and Miſs Milner now laboured under the diſadvantage to a degree, which gave her no ſmall inquietude.

Miſs Fenton, a young lady of the moſt delicate beauty, elegant manners, gentle diſpoſition, and diſcreet conduct, was introduced to Miſs Milner's acquaintance by her guardian; and frequently, ſometimes inadvertently, held up by him as a pattern for her to follow—for when he did not ſay this in direct

direct terms, it was insinuated by the warmth of his panegyricks on those virtues in which Miss Fenton excelled, and his ward was obviously deficient. Conscious of her inferiority in these subjects of her guardian's praise, Miss Milner, instead of being inspired to emulation, was provoked to envy.

Not to admire Miss Fenton was impossible—to find a fault in her person or sentiments was equally impossible—and yet to love her, was very unlikely.

That serenity of mind which kept her features in a continual placid form, though enchanting at the first glance, upon a second, or third, fatigued the sight for a want of variety; and to have seen her distorted with rage, convulsed with mirth, or in deep dejection had been to her advantage.—But her

superior

ſuperior ſoul appeared above thoſe natural commotions of the mind, and there was more inducement to worſhip her as a ſaint, than to love her as a woman.—Yet Dorriforth, whoſe heart was not formed (at leaſt not educated) for love; regarding her in the light of friendſhip, beheld her as the moſt perfect model for her ſex, Lord Frederick on firſt ſeeing her was ſtruck with her beauty, and Miſs Milner apprehended ſhe had introduced a rival; but he had not ſeen her three times, before he called her the moſt "inſufferable of Heaven's creatures," and vowed there was more charming variation in the features of Miſs Woodley.

Miſs Milner had a heart affectionate to her ſex, even where ſhe ſaw them in the poſſeſſion of charms ſuperior to her

own; but whether from the ſpirit of contradiction, whether from feeling herſelf more than ordinarily offended by her guardian's praiſe of this lady, or whether there was ſomething in the reſerve of Miſs Fenton that did not accord with her own frank and ingenuous diſpoſition ſo as to engage her eſteem, it is certain ſhe took infinite ſatisfaction in hearing her beauty and her virtues depreciated, or turned to ridicule, particularly if Mr. Dorriſorth was preſent. This was very painful to him upon many accounts; perhaps regard to Miſs Milner's conduct was not among the leaſt; and whenever the circumſtance occurred, he could with difficulty reſtrain his anger. Miſs Fenton was not only a young lady whoſe amiable qualities Dorriforth admired, but ſhe was ſoon to be allied to him by her marriage with

with his nearest relation, lord Elmwood, a young nobleman whom he sincerely loved.

Lord Elmwood had discovered all that beauty in Miss Fenton which every common observer could not but see—the charms of her mind and her fortune had been pointed out to him by his Tutor; and the utility of their marriage in perfect submission to his precepts, his lordship never permitted himself to question.

This Preceptor, held with a magisterial power the government of his pupil's passions; nay, governed them so entirely, no one could perceive (nor did the young lord himself know) that he had any.

This

This rigid monitor and friend, was a Mr. Sandford, bred a jeſuit in the ſame college where Dorriforth was educated, but before his time the order was compelled to take another name.—Sandford had been the tutor of Dorriforth as well as of his couſin lord Elmwood, and by this double tie ſeemed now entailed upon the family.—As a jeſuit, he was conſequently a man of learning; poſſeſſed of ſteadineſs to accompliſh the end of any deſign once meditated, and of wiſdom to direct the conduct of men more powerful, but leſs ingenious than himſelf. The young earl accuſtomed in his infancy to fear him as his maſter, in his youth and manhood received every new indulgence with which his preceptor favoured him with gratitude, and became at length to love him as his father—

father—nor had Dorriforth as yet ſhook off ſimilar ſenſations.

Mr. Sandford perfectly knew how to work upon the paſſions of all human nature, but yet had the conſcience not to "draw all hearts towards him."—There were of mankind, thoſe, whoſe hate he thought not unworthy his holy labour; and in that, he was more rapid in his ſucceſs than even in procuring eſteem. In this enterprize he ſucceeded with Miſs Milner, even beyond his moſt ſanguine wiſh.

She had been educated at an Engliſh boarding ſchool, and had no idea of the ſuperior, and ſubordinate ſtate of a foreign ſeminary—beſides, as a woman, ſhe was privileged to ſay any thing ſhe pleaſed; and as a beautiful woman, ſhe had

had a right to expect whatever she pleased to say, should be admired.

Sandford knew the hearts of women, as well as those of men, notwithstanding he had passed but little of his time in their society — he saw Miss Milner's heart at the first view of her person; and beholding in that little circumference a weight of folly he wished to see eradicated, he began to toil in the vineyard, eager to draw upon him her detestation, in the hope he could also make her abominate herself. The mortifications of slight he was expert in, and being a man of talents, such as all companies, especially those Miss Milner often frequented, looked on with respect, he did not begin by wasting that reverence so highly valued upon ineffectual remonstrances, of which

he could foreſee the reception, but awakened the attention of the lady ſolely by his neglect of her. He ſpoke of her in her preſence as of an indifferent perſon; ſometimes forgot to name her when the ſubject required it; and then would aſk her pardon and ſay he "did not recollect her," with ſuch ſeeming ſorrow for his fault, ſhe could not think the offence intended, and of courſe felt the affront much more ſeverely.

While, with every other perſon ſhe was the principle, the firſt cauſe upon which a whole company depended for converſation, muſick, cards, or dancing, with Mr. Sandford ſhe found ſhe was of no importance.—Sometimes ſhe tried to conſider this diſregard of her as merely the effect of ill-breeding, but ſhe

was not an ill-bred man; he was a gentleman by birth, and one who had kept the beſt company; a man of ſenſe and learning.—"And does ſuch a man ſlight me without knowing it?" She cried—for ſhe had not dived ſo deep into the powers of ſimulation, as to ſuſpect ſuch careleſs manners were the reſult of art.

This behaviour of Mr. Sandford's had its deſired effect; it humbled Miſs Milner in her own opinion, more than a thouſand ſermons would have done preached on the vanity of youth and beauty. She felt an inward nothingneſs ſhe never knew before, and had been cured of all her pride, had ſhe not poſſeſſed a degree of ſpirit beyond the generality of her ſex, and ſuch as even Mr. Sandford with all his penetration did not expect.—She deter-

mined to resent his treatment, and entering the list as his declared enemy, give reasons to the beholders why he did not, with them, acknowledge her sovereignty.

She now commenced hostilities on all his arguments, his learning, and his favourite axioms; and by a happy turn for ridicule, in want of other weapons, threw in the way of the holy Father as great trials for his patience, as any his order could have substituted in penance. Some things he bore like a martyr—at others, his fortitude would forsake him, and he would call on her guardian, his late pupil, to interpose with his authority; on which she would declare she only acted "to try the good man's temper," and had he combated with his frailties but a few minutes longer, she would

would have acknowledged his right to canonization; but having yielded to the ſallies of his anger, he muſt now go through numerous other probations."

If Miſs Fenton was admired by Dorriforth, by Sandford ſhe was adored—and inſtead of giving her as an example to Miſs Milner, he ſpoke of her as of one, endowed beyond Miſs Milner's power of imitation.—Often with a ſhake of his head and a ſigh would he ſay,

"No, I am not ſo hard upon you as your guardian; I only deſire you to love Miſs Fenton; to reſemble her, I believe, is above your ability."

This was ſomething too much—and poor Miſs Woodley, who was generally a witneſs of theſe controverſies, ſuffered a degree of ſorrow at every ſentence

that diſtreſt Miſs Milner.—Yet as ſhe ſuffered for Mr. Sandford too, the joy of her friend's reply was abated by the uneaſineſs it gave to him. But Mrs. Horton felt for none but the right reverend prieſt; and often did ſhe feel ſo violently intereſted in his cauſe, ſhe could not refrain giving an anſwer herſelf in his behalf—thus, doing the duty of an adverſary.

CHAP.

CHAPTER X.

MR. Sandford finding his friend Dorriforth frequently perplexed in the management of his ward, and he himſelf thinking her incorrigible, gave his advice, that a proper match ſhould be immediately ſought out for her, and the care of ſo dangerous a perſon given into other hands. Dorriforth acknowledged the propriety of this council, but lamented the difficulty there was in pleaſing his ward as to the quality of her lover, for ſhe had refuſed, beſides Sir Edward Aſhton, many others of equal pretenſions. "Depend upon it then," cried Mr. Sandford, "her affections are already engaged, and it is proper you ſhould know to whom."—

Dorriforth, thought he did know, and mentioned lord Frederick openly; but said he had no farther authority for the ſuppoſition, than what his obſervation had given him, for that every explanation both on his lordſhip's ſide, and on that of the lady's, were evaded.—"Take her then," cried Sandford, "into the country, and if his lordſhip does not follow, there is an end to your ſuſpicions."—"I ſhall not eaſily prevail upon Miſs Milner to leave the town," replied Dorriforth, "while it is in its higheſt faſhion, while all the gay world are reſorted hither."—"You can but try," returned Sandford, "and if you ſhould not ſucceed now, at leaſt fix the time you mean to go during the Autumn, and keep to your determination."—"But in the Autumn," replied Dorriforth, "lord Frederick will of

courſe

course be in the country, and as his uncle's estate is near to our residence, he will not then so evidently follow Miss Milner, as he would, could I induce her to go now."

It was agreed the attempt should be made;—and instead of receiving the proposal with uneasiness, Miss Milner, to the surprise of every one present, immediately consented; and gave her guardian an opportunity of saying several of the kindest and politest things upon her ready compliance.

"A token of approbation from you, Mr. Dornforth," returned she, "I always considered with the highest estimation—but your commendations are now become infinitely superior in value, by their scarcity; for I do not believe that since Miss Fenton and Mr. Sandford

ford came to town, I have received one testimony of your friendship."

Had theſe words been uttered with pleaſantry, they might have paſſed without obſervation; but at the concluſion of the period, reſentment flew to Miſs Milner's face, and ſhe darted a piercing look at Mr. Sandford, which more pointedly expreſſed ſhe was angry with him, than had ſhe ſpoken volumes in her uſual ſtrain of raillery.—Dorriforth looked confuſed—but the concern which ſhe had ſo plainly evinced for his good opinion throughout what ſhe had ſaid, ſilenced any rebuke he might elſe have been tempted to give her, for this unwarrantable charge againſt his friend.—Mrs. Horton was ſhocked at the irreverent manner in which Mr. Sandford was treated — while Miſs Woodley turned

turned to him with a ſmile upon her face, hoping to ſet him an example of the manner in which he ſhould receive this reproach.—Her good wiſhes did not ſucceed—yet he was perfectly unruffled, and replied with coolneſs,

"The air of the country has affected the young lady already—but it is a comfortable thing," continued he, "that in the variety of humours ſome women are expoſed to, they cannot be ſteadfaſt even in deceit."

"Deceit," cried Miſs Milner, "in what am I deceitful? did I ever pretend Sir, I had an eſteem for you?"

"That had not been deceit, madam, but merely good manners."

"I never, Mr. Sandford, ſacrificed truth to politeneſs."

"Except when the country has been propoſed, and you thought it politeneſs to appear ſatisfied."

"And

"And I was satisfied, till I recollected you might probably be of the party—then every grove was changed to a wilderness, every rivulet into a stagnated pool, and every singing bird into a croaking raven."

"A very poetical description," Returned he calmly.—"But, Miss Milner, you need not have had any apprehensions of my company in the country, for I understand the seat to which your guardian means to go, belongs to you; and depend upon it, madam, I shall never enter a house where you are the mistress."

"Nor any house I am certain, Mr. Sandford, but where you yourself are the master."

"What do you mean, madam? (and for the first time he elevated his voice,) am I the master here?"

"Your

"Your ſervants," replied ſhe looking at the company, "will not tell you ſo, but I do."

"You condeſcend, Mr. Sandford," cried Mrs. Horton, "in talking ſo much to a young woman; but I know you do it for her good."

"Well, Miſs Milner," cried Dorriforth, (and the moſt cutting thing he could ſay,) "ſince I find my propoſal of the country has put you out of humour, I ſhall mention it no more."

With all that vaſt quantity of reſentment, anger, or rage which ſometimes boiled in the veins of Miſs Milner, ſhe was yet never wanting in that reſpect towards her guardian, which with-held her from uttering one angry ſentence, immediately directed to him; and a ſevere word on his ſide, inſtead of exaſperating,

peratings, was ſure to ſoften her. Such was the caſe at preſent — his words ſeemed to cut her to the heart, but ſhe had not the aſperity to reply to them as ſhe thought they merited, and ſhe burſt into tears. — Dorriforth, inſtead of being concerned, as he uſually was at ſeeing her uneaſy, appeared on the preſent occaſion provoked. — He thought her weeping was a new reproach to his friend Mr. Sandford, and to ſuffer himſelf to be moved by it, he conſidered would be a tacit condemnation of his friend's conduct. — She underſtood his thoughts, and getting the better of her tears, apologized for the weakneſs of which ſhe had been guilty, adding,

"She could never bear with indifference an unjuſt accuſation."

"To prove mine was ſuch, madam," replied Dorriforth, "be prepared to

quit

quit London without any mark of regret, within a few days.

She bowed assent; the necessary preparations were agreed upon; and while Miss Milner with apparent satisfaction adjusted the plan of her journey, (like those persons who behave well, not so much to please themselves as to vex their enemies,) she secretly triumphed in the mortification she supposed Mr. Sandford would receive, from her obedient behaviour.

The news of this intended journey was soon made public. There is a secret charm in being pitied, when the misfortune is but ideal, and Miss Milner found immense gratification in being told, "her's was a cruel case," and that it was "unjust and barbarous to force so much beauty to be concealed

in

in the country, while London was filled with admirers; who, like her, would languiſh in conſequence of the ſeparation." Theſe things, and a thouſand ſuch, a thouſand times repeated, ſhe ſtill liſtened to with pleaſure; yet preſerved the conſtancy not to ſhrink from her reſolution of ſubmitting.

Thoſe ſighs, which Miſs Woodley had long ago obſerved, became, however, more frequent ſtill; and a tear half ſtarting to her eye was an additional matter of her friends obſervation. Yet though Miſs Milner at thoſe times was ſoftened to melancholy, ſhe by no means appeared unhappy. Miſs Woodley was acquainted with the name of love only, yet ſhe concluded from theſe encreaſed ſymptoms, what ſhe before only ſuſpected, that love *muſt* be their baſis.

basis. "Her senses have been captivated by the person and accomplishments of Lord Frederick," said Miss Woodley to herself, "while her understanding beholds his faults, and reproaches her passion—and, oh! cried she, "could her guardian and Mr. Sandford know of this conflict, how much more would they have to admire than to condemn!"

With these friendly thoughts, joined to the most perfect good intent, Miss Woodley did not fail to give both gentlemen cause to believe, a contention of this nature was the present state of Miss Milner's mind.—Dorriforth was affected at the description, and Sandford urged more than ever the necessity of the country expedition.—In a few days time they under-

took it; Mrs. Horton, Miſs Woodley, Miſs Milner, and Mr. Dorriforth, accompanied by Miſs Fenton, whom Miſs Milner, as ſhe knew it to be the wiſh of her guardian, invited to paſs the three months previous to her marriage, at her country ſeat, Elmwood Houſe, or rather Caſtle, the ſeat of lord Elmwood, was only a few miles from this reſidence, and his lordſhip was expected to paſs great part of the ſummer there with his tutor, Mr. Sandford.

In the neighbourhood was alſo an eſtate belonging to an uncle of lord Frederick's, and many of the company ſuſpected they ſhould ſoon ſee his lordſhip on a viſit there, and to that expectation did they in great meaſure attribute Miſs Milner's viſible content.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH this party Miss Milner arrived at her country house, and for near six weeks all around was the perfect picture of tranquillity,—her satisfaction was as evident as every other person's; and every severe reflection being at this time unnecessary, either to seize her to her duty, or to warn her against her follies, she was even in perfect good humour with Miss Fenton, and added to the hospitality of a host, the kindness of a friend.

Mr. Sandford, who came with lord Elmwood to the neighbouring seat about a week after the arrival of Miss

Milner at her's, was so scrupulous exact in the observance of his word, "*never to enter a house of Miss Milner's,*" that he would not even call upon his friend Dorriforth there—but in their walks, and at lord Elmwood's, the two parties would occasionally join, and of course Sandford and she at those times met—yet so distant was the reserve on either side, that not a single word was upon any occasion, ever exchanged between them.

Miss Milner did not like Mr. Sandford, yet, as there was no real cause for inveterate rancour, admiring him too as a man who meant well, and being besides of a most forgiving temper, she frequently felt concerned that he did not speak to her, although it had been to find fault as usual—and one morning,

as they were all, after a long ramble, drawing towards her houſe, where lord Elmwood was invited to dine, ſhe even burſt into tears at ſeeing Sandford turn back and wiſh them a "good day."

But though ſhe had generoſity to forgive an affront, ſhe had not the humility to make a conceſſion; and ſhe foreſaw that nothing leſs than ſome very humble atonement on her part, would prevail upon the haughty prieſt to be reconciled. Dorriforth ſaw her concern upon this trifling occaſion with a ſecret pleaſure, and an admiration ſhe had never before excited. She inſinuated to him to be a mediator between them; but before any accommodation could take place, the peace and compoſure of their abode was diſturbed by the arrival

of Sir Edward Ashton at lord Elmwood's, where it appeared as if he had been invited in order to purſue his matrimonial plan.

At a dinner at lord Elmwood's Sir Edward was announced as an unexpected viſiter; Miſs Milner did not ſuppoſe him ſuch, and turned pale when his name was uttered.—Dorriforth fixed his eyes upon her with ſome tokens of compaſſion, while Sandford ſeemed to exult, and by his repeated "Welcomes" to the baronet, gave evident proofs how much he was rejoiced to ſee him. All the declining enmity of Miſs Milner was renewed at this behaviour, and ſuſpecting Sandford to be the inſtigator of his viſit, ſhe could not overcome her diſpleaſure, but gave way to it in a manner ſhe thought the moſt

morti-

mortifying.—Sir Edward in the courſe of converſation, enquired "what neighbours were in the country;" and ſhe with the higheſt appearance of ſatisfaction, named lord Frederick Lawnly, as one who was hourly expected at his uncle's. The colour ſpread over Sir Edward's face—Dorriforth looked confounded—and Mr. Sandford as if he could have ſtruck her.

"Did lord Frederick tell *you* he ſhould be down?" Sandford aſked of Dorriforth.

To which he replied, "No."

"But I hope, Mr. Sandford, you will permit me to know?" cried Miſs Milner.—For as ſhe now meant to torment him by what ſhe ſaid, ſhe no longer conſtrained herſelf to ſilence—and as he harboured the ſame kind intent towards her, he had no longer any

objection to make a reply, and therefore answered,

"No, madam, if it depended upon my permiſſion, you ſhould *not* know."

"Not *any thing*, Sir, I dare ſay, you would keep me in utter ignorance."

"I would."

"From a ſelf-intereſted motive, Mr. Sandford—that I might have a greater reſpect for you."

Some of the perſons preſent laughed—Mrs. Horton coughed—Miſs Woodley bluſhed—lord Elmwood ſneered—Dorriforth frowned—and Miſs Fenton, looked juſt as ſhe did before.

The converſation was changed as ſoon as poſſible, and early in the evening the company returned home.

Miſs

Miſs Milner had ſcarce left her dreſſing room, where ſhe had been taking off ſome part of her dreſs, when Dorriforth's ſervant came to acquaint her his maſter was alone in his ſtudy, and begged to ſpeak with her.—She felt herſelf tremble—ſhe immediately experienced a conſciouſneſs ſhe had not acted properly at lord Elmwood's; for ſhe had a preſcience her guardian was going to upbraid her, and her heart told her, he had never yet reproached her without a cauſe.

Miſs Woodley juſt then entered the apartment, and ſhe even found herſelf ſo much a coward, as to propoſe her going to Dorriforth along with her, and aiding her with a word or two occaſionally in her excuſe.

"What

"What you, my dear," returned Miss Woodley, "who not two hours ago, had the courage to vindicate your own cause before a whole company, of whom many were your adversaries, do you want an advocate before your guardian only? and he, who has ever treated you with tenderness."

"It is that tenderness which frightens me, Miss Woodley; that intimidates, and strikes me dumb—is it possible I can return impertinence to the language and manners Mr. Dorriforth uses? and as I am debarred from that, what can I do but stand before him like a guilty creature, acknowledging my faults."

She again entreated Miss Woodley to go with her, but on a positive refusal, from the impropriety of such an intrusion, she was at length obliged to go by herself.

How

How much do different circumſtances influence not only the manners, but even the perſons of ſome people!—Miſs Milner in the drawing room at lord Elmwood's ſurrounded by liſteners, by admirers, (for even her enemies beheld her with admiration,) and warm with their approbation and applauſe—and Miſs Milner, with no giddy obſerver to give a falſe eclat to her actions, left deſtitute of all but her own underſtanding, (which ſecretly condemns her,) and upon the point of receiving the cenſure of her guardian and friend, are two different beings.—Though ſtill beautiful beyond deſcription, ſhe does not look even in perſon the ſame.—In the laſt mentioned ſituation, ſhe was ſhorter in ſtature than in the former—ſhe was paler—ſhe was thinner—and a very

different

different contour presided over her whole air, and all her features.

When she arrived at the study door, she opened it with a trepidation she could hardly account for, and entered to Dorriforth the altered woman she has been represented. His heart had taken the most decided part against her, and his face assumed the most severe aspect of reproach; when her appearance gave an instantaneous change to *his* whole mind, and countenance.

She halted, as if she feared to approach—he hesitated, as if he knew not how to speak.—Instead of the warmth with which he was prepared to begin, his voice involuntarily softened, and without knowing what he said, he began,

"My

"My dear Miss Milner"—

She expected he was angry, and in her confusion his gentleness was lost upon her—she imagined what he said might be severe, and she continued to tremble, although he repeatedly assured her, he meant only to advise, not to upbraid her.

"For in respect to all those little disputes between Mr. Sandford and you," said he, "I should be partial if I blamed you more than him—indeed, when you take the liberty to censure him, his character makes the freedom appear in a more serious light than when he complains of you—yet, if he provokes your retorts, he alone must answer for them; nor will I undertake to decide betwixt you.——But I have a question to ask you, and to which I require a serious and unequivocal answer.

—Do

"Do you expect lord Frederick in the country?"

Without hesitation she replied, "she did."

"I have one more question to ask, madam, and to which I expect a reply equally unreserved.—Is lord Frederick the man you approve for a husband?"

Upon this close interrogation she discovered an embarrassment, and a confusion beyond any she had ever before given proofs of; and in this situation she faintly replied,

"No, he is not."

"Your words tell me one thing," answered Dorriforth, "while your looks declare another—which am I to trust?"

"Which you please." She returned with an insulted dignity, that astonished, awed, yet did not convince him.

"But then why encourage him to follow you hither, Miss Milner?"

"Why commit a thousand follies (she replied in tears) every hour of my life?"

"You then promote the hopes of lord Frederick without one serious intention of completing them? This is a conduct which it is my duty to guard you against, and you shall no longer deceive either him or yourself. The moment he arrives it is my fixed resolution you refuse to see him, or agree to become his wife."

In answer to this, she appeared averse both to the one proposition and the other, yet came to no explanation why; but left her guardian at the conclusion of the conversation as much at a loss to decide upon her real sentiments, as he was before he had thus seriously requested

quested to be informed of them; but having steadfastly taken the resolution which he had declared to her, he found that determination a certain relief to his mind.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR Edward Aſhton, though not invited by Miſs Milner, yet frequently did himſelf the favour to come to her houſe; ſometimes he accompanied lord Elmwood on a viſit to her, at other times he came to ſee Dorriforth only, who generally introduced him to the ladies. But Sir Edward was either ſo unwilling to give pain to the object of his love, or ſo much intimidated by her frowns, that he ſeldom addreſſed a ſingle word to her, except the common compliments at entering, and retiring. —This apprehenſion of offending, without one hope of pleaſing, had the moſt awkward effect upon the manners of

the worthy baronet, and his endeavours to inſinuate himſelf into the affections of the woman he loved, merely by the means of not giving her offence either by ſpeaking or looking at her, was a circumſtance ſo whimſical, that it frequently forced a ſmile from Miſs Milner, though the very name of Sir Edward was of power to throw a gloom over her face; for ſhe looked upon him as the cauſe why ſhe ſhould be hurried to make an election of a lover, before her own mind could well direct her where to fix.—Beſides, his purſuit was a trouble, while it was not the ſmalleſt triumph to her vanity, which by the addreſſes of lord Frederick, was in the higheſt manner gratified.

His lordſhip now arrives in the country, and calls at Miſs Milner's; her

her guardian ſees his chariot coming along the lawn and gives orders to the ſervants, to ſay their lady is not at home, but that Mr. Dorriſonth is; lord Frederick leaves his compliments, and goes away.

The ladies all ſaw his carriage and ſervants at the door; Miſs Milner flew to the glaſs to adjuſt her dreſs, and in her looks expreſſed ſigns of palpitation —but in vain ſhe keeps her eyes fixed upon the door of the apartment; he does not enter.

After ſome minutes expectation, the door opens and her guardian comes in; ſhe was diſappointed, he perceived ſhe was, and he looked at her with a very ſerious face; ſhe immediately called to mind the aſſurance he had given her,

is that her acquaintance with lord Frederick in its present state should not continue," and between chagrin and confusion, she was at a loss how to behave.

Notwithstanding the ladies were all present, Dorriforth said to her, without the smallest reserve, "Perhaps, Miss Milner, you may think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty in giving orders to your servants to deny you to lord Frederick, but until his lordship and I have had a private conference, or you condescend to declare your sentiments more fully in regard to his visits, I think it my duty to put an end to them."

"You will always perform your duty, Mr. Dorriforth, I have no doubt, whether I concur or not."

"Yet believe me, madam, I ſhould do it much more chearfully, could I hope it was ſcantioned by your inclinations."

"I am not miſtreſs of my inclinations, Sir, or they ſhould conform to yours."

"Place them under my direction, madam, and I'll anſwer they will."

A ſervant entered.—"Lord Frederick is returned, Sir, and ſays he ſhould be glad to ſee you."—"Shew him into the ſtudy." Cried Dorriforth haſtily, and riſing from his ſeat, left the room.

"I hope they won't quarrel." Said Mrs. Horton, meaning, ſhe thought they would.

"I am ſorry to ſee you ſo uneaſy, Miſs Milner." Said Miſs Fenton, with the moſt perfect unconcern.

As the badness of the weather had prevented their usual morning's exercise, the ladies sat employed at their needles till the dinner bell called them away.—"Do you think lord Frederick is gone?" then, whispered Miss Milner to Miss Woodley.—"I think not," returned Miss Woodley.—"Go ask of the servants, dear creature." And Miss Woodley went out of the room.—She soon returned and said, apart, "He is now getting into his chariot, I saw him pass hastily through the hall; he seemed to fly."

"Ladies, the dinner is waiting," cried Mrs. Horton, and they repaired to the dining room, where Dorriforth soon after came, and engrossed their whole attention by his disturbed looks, and unusual silence. Before dinner was over he was, however, more himself, but

but ſtill he appeared thoughtful and diſſatisfied. At the time of their evening walks he excuſed himſelf, and was ſeen in a diſtant field with Mr. Sandford in earneſt converſation; for they frequently ſtopt on one ſpot for a quarter of an hour, as if the intereſt of the ſubject had ſo totally engaged them, they ſtood ſtill without knowing it. Lord Elmwood, who had joined the ladies, walked home with them; Dorriforth entered ſoon after, in a much leſs gloomy humour than when he went out, and told his lordſhip he and the ladies would dine with him to-morrow if he was diſengaged, and it was fixed they ſhould.

Still Dorriforth was in ſome perturbation, but the immediate cauſe was concealed till the next day, when, about an hour before the company's depar-

sure from the Castle, Miss Milner and Miss Woodley were desired, by a servant, to walk into a separate apartment, where they found Dorisforth with Mr. Sandford waiting their coming. Her guardian made an apology to Miss Milner for the form, the ceremony, of which he was going to make use; but he trusted, the extreme weight with which his mind was oppressed, left he should mistake the real sentiments of a lady whose happiness depended upon his being correct in the knowledge of them, he trusted, that would plead his excuse.

"I know, Miss Milner," continued he, "the world in general, allows to unmarried women great latitude in disguising their mind with respect to the man they love.—I too, am willing to pardon any little dissimulation that is

but

but consistend with that modesty, becoming every woman on the subject of marriage. But to what point I may limit, or you may think proper to extend this kind of venial deceit, may so widely differ, that it is not impossible I remain wholly unacquainted with your sentiments, even after you have revealed them to me. Under this consideration, I wish once more to hear your thoughts in regard to matrimony, and to hear them before one of your own sex, that I may be enabled to form my opinion by her constructions."

To all this serious oration, Miss Milner made no other reply than by turning to Mr. Sandford, and asking, "If he was the person of her own sex, to whose judgment her guardian meant to submit his own?"

"Madam,"

"Madam," cried Sandford very angrily, "you are come hither upon serious business."

"Any business must be serious to me, Mr. Sandford, in which you are concerned; and if you had called it so yourself, the epithet would have suited it well."

"Miss Mirach," said her guardian, "I did not bring you here to contend with Mr. Sandford."

"Then why, Sir, bring him hither? for where he and I are, there must be contention."

"I brought him hither, madam, or rather brought you to this house, merely that he might be present on this occasion, and with his discernment relieve me from a suspicion, that my own judgment can neither suppress or confirm."

"Is

"Is there any more company you may wish to call in, Sir, to clear up your doubts of my veracity? if ſo, pray ſend for them before you begin your interrogations."

He ſhook his head—ſhe continued. "The whole world is welcome to hear what I ſay, and every different judge welcome, if they pleaſe, to judge me differently."

"Dear Miſs Milner—," cried Miſs Woodley, with a tone of reproach for the vehemence with which ſhe ſpoke.

"Perhaps, Miſs Milner," ſaid Dorriforth, "you will not now reply to thoſe queſtions I was going to put to you?"

"Did I ever refuſe, Sir," returned ſhe with a ſelf-approving air, "to comply with any requeſt you have ſeriouſly made me? Have I ever refuſed to obey your

your commands whenever you thought proper to lay them upon me? if not, you have no right to ſuppoſe I will now."

He was going to reply, when Mr. Sandford ſullenly interrupted him, and making towards the door, cried, "When you come to the point for which you brought me here, ſend for me again."

"Stay now," cried Dorriſorth. "And Miſs Milner," continued he, "I not only entreat, but command you to tell me.—Have you given your promiſes, your word, or your affections to lord Frederick Lawnley?"

The colour ſpread over her face, and ſhe replied—"I thought confeſſions were only permitted in ſecrecy; however, as I am not a member of your church, I ſubmit to the perſecution of a heretick, and anſwer—Lord Frederick

derick has neither my words, my promise, nor any share in my affections."

Sandford, Dorriforth, and Miss Woodley all looked at each other with a surprise that was for some time dumb. At length Dorriforth said, "And it is your firm intention never to become his wife?"

To which she answered—"At present it is."

"At present! do you suspect you shall change your sentiments?"

"Women, sometimes do."

"But before that change can take place, madam, your acquaintance will be broken off; for it is that, I shall next insist upon; and to which you can have no objection."

She replied, "I had rather it would continue."

"On

"On what account?" cried Dorriforth.

"Becauſe it entertains me."

"For ſhame, for ſhame!" returned he, "it endangers both your character and your happineſs.—Yet again, do not ſuffer me to break with his lordſhip if ſhould like to become his wife; if in that reſpect it militates againſt your felicity?"

"By no means," ſhe anſwered; "lord Frederick makes part of my amuſement, but could never conſtitute my felicity."

"Miſs Woodley," ſaid Dorriforth, "do you comprehend your friend in the ſame literal and unequivocal ſenſe I do?"

"Certainly I do, Sir." Anſwered Miſs Woodley.

"And pray, Miſs Woodley," ſaid he,

he, "were those the sentiments which you have always entertained?"

Miss Woodley hesitated—he continued. "Or has the present conversation altered them?"

She hesitated again, then answered—"The present conversation has altered them."

"And yet you confide in it!" Cried Sandford, looking at her with contempt.

"Certainly I do." Replied Miss Woodley.

"Do not you then, Mr. Sandford?" asked Dorriforth.

"I would advise you to act the same as if I did." Replied Sandford.

"Then, Miss Milner," said Dorriforth, "you see lord Frederick no more—and I hope I have your permission to tell him so?"

"You have, Sir," She replied with a completely unembarraſſed countenance and voice.

Miſs Woodley looked hard at her, to diſcover ſome lurking wish adverſe to all theſe proteſtations, but ſhe could not diſcern one. Mr. Sandford too fixed his penetrating eyes as if he would look through her ſoul, but finding it perfectly compoſed, he cried out,

"Why then not write his lordſhip's diſmiſſion herſelf, and ſave you, Mr. Dorriforth, the trouble of any farther conteſt with him?"

"Indeed, Miſs Milner," ſaid Dorriforth, "that would oblige me; for it is with the greateſt reluctance I meet his lordſhip upon this ſubject—he was extremely impatient and importunate the laſt time he was with me—he took advantage of my eccleſiaſtic ſituation,

to

to treat me with a levity, and ill-breeding, I could ill have ſuffered upon any other conſideration, than the complying with my duty to you."

"Dictate what you pleaſe, Mr. Dorriforth, and I will write it." Said ſhe with a warmth like the moſt unaffected inclination.—"And while you, Sir," ſhe continued, "are ſo indulgent as not to diſtreſs me with the importunities of any gentleman to whom I am averſe, I think myſelf equally bound to rid you of the impertinence of every one, to whom you may have objection."

"But," anſwered he, "be aſſured I have no material objection to my lord Frederick, except from that dilemma, into which your acquaintance with him has involved us all; and the ſame I ſhould conceive againſt any other man, where the ſame circumſtance occurred.—

As you have now, however, freely and politely consented to the manner in which it has been proposed, you shall break with him, I will not trouble you a moment longer upon a subject on which I have so frequently explained my wishes, but conclude it by assuring you, your ready acquiescence has given me the sincerest satisfaction."

"I hope, Mr. Sandford," said she, turning to him with a smile, "I have given you satisfaction likewise."

Sandford could not say yes, and was ashamed to say no; he, therefore, made no answer except by his looks, which were full of suspicion. She, notwithstanding, made him a very low courtesy.

Her guardian then handed her out of the apartment into her coach, which was waiting to take her, Miss Woodley, and himself home.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOtwithſtanding the ſeeming readineſs with which Miſs Milner had reſigned all further acquaintance with lord Frederick, during the ſhort ride home ſhe appeared to have loſt great part of her wonted ſpirits; ſhe was thoughtful, and once ſighed moſt heavily. Dorriſorth began to fear ſhe had not only made a ſacrifice of her affections, but of her veracity; yet, why ſhe had done ſo, he could not comprehend.

As the carriage moved ſlowly thro' a lane between Elmwood Caſtle and her houſe, on caſting her eyes out of the window, Miſs Milner's countenance was brightened in an inſtant, and that inſtant lord Frederick

on horſe-back was at the coach door, and the coachman ſtopt.

"Oh, Miſs Milner," cried he, (with a voice and manner that could give little ſuſpicion of the truth of what he ſaid) "I am over-joyed at the happineſs of ſeeing you, even though it is but an accidental meeting."

She was evidently glad to ſee him, but the earneſtneſs with which he ſpoke, put her upon her guard not to expreſs the like, and ſhe ſaid in a cool conſtrained manner, ſhe "was glad to ſee his lordſhip."

The reſerve with which ſhe ſpoke, gave lord Frederick immediate ſuſpicion who was in the coach with her, and turning his head quickly, he met the ſtern eye of Dorriforth; upon which, without the ſmalleſt ſalutation, he

he turned from him again abruptly and rudely. Miſs Milner was confuſed, and Miſs Woodley in torture at the palpable affront; to which Dorriforth alone appeared indifferent.

"Go on," ſaid Miſs Milner to the footman, "deſire the coachman to drive on."

"No," cried lord Frederick, "not till you have told me when I ſhall ſee you again."

"I will write you word, my lord." Replied ſhe, ſomething alarmed; "You ſhall have a letter immediately after I get home."

As if he gueſſed what its contents were to be, he cried out with warmth, "Take care then, madam, how you treat me in that letter—and you, Mr. Dorriforth," turning to him, "do you take care what it contains, for if it is

dictated by you, to you I ſhall ſend the anſwer."

Dorriforth, without making his lordſhip a reply, or caſting a look at him, put his head out of the window on the oppoſite ſide, and called, in a very angry tone to the coachman, "How dare you not drive on, when your lady orders you?"

The ſound of Dorriforth's voice in anger was to the ſervants ſo unuſual, it acted like a ſtroke of electricity on the man, and he drove on at the inſtant ſo ſwiftly, that lord Frederick was in a moment left many yards behind. As ſoon, however, as he recovered from the ſurpriſe into which this ſudden command had thrown him, he rode with ſpeed after the carriage, and followed it till they all arrived at the door of Miſs Milner's houſe; there

his

his lordſhip, giving himſelf up to the rage of love, or to rage againſt Dorriforth for the contempt with which he had treated him, leapt from his horſe as Miſs Milner ſtept from her carriage, and ſeizing her hand, entreated her "Not to deſert him, in compliance to the monaſtick precepts of hypocriſy."

Dorriforth heard this, ſtanding ſilently by, with a manly ſcorn painted on his countenance.

Miſs Milner ſtruggled to looſe her hand, ſaying, "Excuſe me from replying to you now, my lord."

In return to which his lordſhip brought her hand to his lips, and began to devour it with kiſſes, when Dorriforth with an inſtantaneous impulſe, ruſhed forward, and ſtruck him a blow in the face.—Under the force with which this aſſault was given, and the

aſtoniſhment it excited, his lordſhip ſtaggered, and letting fall the hand of Miſs Milner, her guardian immediately laid hold of it, and led her into the houſe.

She was terrified beyond deſcription; and it was with difficulty Mr. Dorriforth could get her to her own chamber, without taking her in his arms.—When, with the aſſiſtance of her woman, he had placed her upon a ſopha—all ſhame and confuſion for what he had done, he dropped upon his knees before her, and earneſtly "entreated her forgiveneſs for the indelicacy he had been guilty of in her preſence."—And that he had alarmed her, and loſt ſight of the reſpect which he thought ſacredly her due, ſeemed to be the only circumſtance that dwelt upon his thoughts.

She

She felt the indecorum of the posture he had condescended to take, and was shocked to see her guardian at her feet, struck her with the same impropriety as if she had beheld a parent there; and all agitation and emotion, she implored him to rise, and with a thousand protestations declared, "that she thought the rashness of this act, was the highest proof of his regard for her."

Miss Woodley now entered; for her care being ever employed upon the unfortunate, lord Frederick on this occasion, had been the object of it; and she had waited by his side, and with every good purpose, preached patience to him, while he was smarting under the pain and shame of his chastisement.—At first, his fury threatened to

to retort upon the ſervants around him, and who refuſed his entrance into the houſe, the puniſhment he had received — But in the certainty of an honourable amends which muſt hereafter be made, he overcame the many temptations which the moment offered, and remounting his horſe, rode from the place.

No ſooner had Miſs Woodley entered the room, and Dorriforth had reſigned to her the care of his ward, than he flew to the ſpot where he had left his lordſhip, negligent what might have been the event had he ſtill remained there. — After enquiring, and being told he was gone, Dorriforth returned to his own apartment; and with a boſom torn by more excruciating

ing ſenſations far, than thoſe he had given to his adverſary.

The remorſe that firſt ſtruck him as he ſhut the door upon himſelf was —I have departed from my character —from the ſacred character, and dignity of my profeſſion and ſentiments —I have departed from myſelf.——I am no longer the philoſopher, but the ruffian—I have treated with an unpardonable inſult a young nobleman, whoſe only crime was love, and a fond deſire to inſinuate himſelf into the favour of his miſtreſs.—I muſt atone for this outrage in whatever manner he may chooſe, and the law of juſtice and equity (though in this one inſtance, contrary to the law of religion) enjoins, that if he demands my life, in ſatisfaction for his wound-

ed

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ed

ed honour, it is his due. "Alas," cried he, "that I could have laid it down this morning, unſullied with the cauſe, for which it will make but poor atonement."

He next reflected—I have offended, and filled with horror a beautiful young lady, whom it was my duty to have protected from the brutal manners, to which I myſelf have expoſed her.

Again—I have drawn upon me the juſt reproaches of my faithful preceptor and friend; the man in whoſe judgment it was my delight to be approved—above all, I have drawn upon myſelf, the ſtings of my own conſcience.

"Where ſhall I paſs this ſleepleſs night?" cried he, walking repeatedly acroſs his chamber; "Can I go to the ladies?

ladies? I am a brute, unworthy ſuch ſociety.—Shall I go and repoſe my diſturbed mind on Sandford? I am aſhamed to tell him the cauſe of my uneaſineſs.—Shall I go to lord Frederick, and humbling myſelf before him, beg his forgiveneſs? He would ſpurn me for a coward.—No"——(and he lifted up his eyes to Heaven) "Thou all great, all wiſe, and all omnipotent being, whom I have above any other offended, to thee alone I apply in this hour of tribulation, and from thee alone I expect comfort.— And the confidence with which I now addreſs myſelf to thee, encouraged by that long intercourſe religion has effected, in this one moment pays me amply, for the many years of my paſt life wholly devoted to thy ſervice."

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH Miſs Milner had foreſeen no fatal event from the indignity offered lord Frederick, yet ſhe paſſed a night very different from thoſe to which ſhe had been accuſtomed. No ſooner was ſhe falling into a ſleep, than a thouſand vague, but diſtreſſing ideas darted acroſs her imagination.—Her heart would at times whiſper to her as ſhe was half aſleep, "lord Frederick is baniſhed from you for ever."—She ſhakes off the uneaſineſs this idea brings along with it—ſhe then ſtarts, and beholds the blow ſtill aimed at him by Dorriforth.—And no ſooner has ſhe driven away this painful image, than ſhe is again awakened by ſeeing her

guardian at her feet ſuing for pardon.—She ſighs, ſhe trembles, ſhe is chilled with terror.

Relieved by a flood of tears; towards the morning ſhe ſinks into a refreſhing ſlumber, but waking, finds the ſelf-ſame images crowding all together upon her mind—ſhe is doubtful to which to give the preference—one, however, ruſhes the foremoſt, and will continue ſo—ſhe knows not the conſequence of ruminating, nor why ſhe dwells upon that, more than upon all the reſt, and yet it will give place to none.

She riſes in a languid and diſordered ſtate, and at breakfaſt adds freſh pain to Dorriſorth by her altered appearance.

He

He had ſcarce left the breakfaſt room when an officer waited upon him charged with a challenge from lord Frederick. To the meſſage delivered to him by this gentleman, Dorriforth replied,

"As a clergyman, more eſpecially in the church of Rome, I know not whether I am not exempt from anſwering a claim of this kind; but not having had forbearance to avoid an offence, I have no right to a privilege that would only indemnify me from making reparation."

"You will then meet his lordſhip, Sir, at the appointed time?" Said the officer.

"I will," anſwered Dorriforth, "and my immediate care ſhall be to procure a gentleman to accompany me."

The officer withdrew, and as ſoon as Dorriforth was once more alone, he was going once more to reflect, but he durſt not — ſince yeſterday, reflection, for the firſt time of his life, was become painful to him; and even as he rode the ſhort way to lord Elmwood's immediately after, he found his own thoughts ſo inſufferable, he was obliged to enter into converſation with his ſervant. Solitude, that he was formerly ſo charmed withal, at thoſe moments had been worſe than death.

At lord Elmwood's, he met Sandford in the hall, and the ſight of him was no longer welcome, but diſpleaſing — he knew how different the principles he had juſt adopted were to thoſe of that reverend friend's, and without

his complaining, or even ſuſpecting what had happened, his preſence was a ſufficient reproach. — Dorriforth paſſed him as haſtily as he could, and enquiring for lord Elmwood, diſcloſed to him his errand, which was to aſk him to be his ſecond; his lordſhip ſtarted, and wiſhed to conſult his tutor, but that his kinſman ſtrictly forbid; and having urged his reaſons with arguments, ſuch as his lordſhip could not refute; he at length prevailed upon him to promiſe he would accompany him to the field, which was at a few miles diſtance only, and the parties were to be there at ſeven on the ſame evening.

As ſoon as his buſineſs with lord Elmwood was ſettled, Dorriforth returned home, to make ſome neceſſary preparations for the event which might enſue

enſue from this meeting—he wrote letters to ſeveral of his friends; and one to his ward, over which he ſhed tears.

Sandford going into lord Elmwood's library ſoon after Dorriforth had left it, expreſſed his ſurpriſe at finding him gone; upon which that young nobleman, after anſwering a few queſtions, and giving a few ſignificant tokens, that he was entruſted with a ſecret, frankly confeſſed, what he had promiſed to conceal.

Sandford, as much as a holy man could be, was enraged at Dorriforth for the cauſe of this challenge, but was ſtill more enraged at him for his wickedneſs in accepting it—he applauded his pupil's virtue in making

the diſcovery, and congratulated himſelf that he ſhould be the inſtrument, of ſaving not only the blood of his friend, but of preventing the ſcandal of his being engaged in a duel.

In the ardour of his deſigns he went immediately to Miſs Milner's — entered the houſe he had ſo long refuſed to enter, and at a time when he was on aggravated bad terms with its owner.

He aſked for Dorriforth, went haſtily into his apartment, and poured upon him a torrent of rebukes. — Dorriforth bore all he ſaid with the patience of a devotee, but with the firmneſs of a man. — He owned his fault, but no eloquence could make him recall the promiſe he had given to repair the injury. — Unſhaken by the arguments,

perſuaſions, and menaces of Sandford, he gave a freſh proof of that inflexibility for which he has been deſcribed — and after two hours diſpute they parted, neither of them the better for what either had advanced, but Dorriforth ſomething the worſe; his conſcience gave teſtimony to Sandford's opinion, "that he was bound by ties more ſacred than worldly honour," but while he owned, he would not yield to the duty.

Sandford left him, determined, however, that lord Elmwood ſhould not be acceſſary in his guilt, and this he declared, on which Dorriforth took the reſolution of ſeeking another ſecond.

In paſſing through the houſe on his return home, Sandford met, by acci-

dent, Mrs. Horton, Miſs Milner, and the other two ladies returning from a ſaunter in the garden.—Surpriſed at the ſight of Mr. Sandford in her houſe, Miſs Milner would not expreſs that ſurpriſe, but going up to him with all the friendly benevolence which generally played about her heart, ſhe took hold of one of his hands, and preſſed it with a kindneſs which told him he was welcome more forcibly, than if ſhe had made the moſt elaborate ſpeech to convince him of it. — He, however, ſeemed little touched with her behaviour, and as an excuſe for breaking his word, cried,

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I was brought hither in my anxiety to prevent murder."

"Murder!" Exclaimed all the ladies.

"Yes,"

"Yes," anſwered he, addreſſing himſelf to Miſs Fenton, "your betrothed huſband is a party concerned; he is going to be ſecond to Mr. Dorriforth, who means this very evening to be killed by my lord Frederick, or to kill him, in addition to the blow he gave him laſt night."

Mrs. Horton exclaimed, "If Mr. Dorriforth dies, he dies a martyr."

Miſs Woodley cried with fervour, "Heaven forbid!"

Miſs Fenton cried, "Dear me!"

While Miſs Milner, without uttering one word, ſunk ſpeechleſs on the floor.

They lifted her up and brought her to the door which entered the garden. She ſoon recovered; for the tumult of her mind would not ſuffer her to remain inactive, and ſhe was rouzed, in ſpite of her weakneſs, to endeavour to

ward off the preſent diſaſter.—In vain, however, ſhe tried to walk to Dorriforth's apartment—in the trial ſhe ſunk as before, and was taken to a ſettee, while Miſs Woodley was diſpatched to bring her guardian to her.

Informed of the cauſe of her ſwoonings, he followed Miſs Woodley with a tender anxiety for her health, and with grief and confuſion that he had ſo carelesly endangered it.—On his entering the room Sandford beheld the inquietude of his mind, and cried, "here is your *guardian*," with a cruel emphaſis on the word.

He was too much engaged by the indiſpoſition of his ward to reply to Sandford.—He placed himſelf on the ſettee by her, and with the utmoſt tenderneſs, reverence, and pity, entreated her

her not to be concerned at an accident in which he, and he only, had been to blame; but which he had ſtill no doubt would be accommodated in the moſt amicable manner.

"I have one favour to require of you, Mr. Dorriforth," ſaid ſhe, "and that is your promiſe, your ſolemn promiſe, which I know is ſacred, that you will not fight with my lord Frederick."

He heſitated.

"Oh, madam," cried Sandford, "he is grown a libertine now, and I would not believe his word were he to give it you."

"Then, Sir," returned Dorriforth angrily, "you *may* believe my word, for I will keep that, I have paſſed to you. —I will give lord Frederick all the reſtitution in my power.—But my dear Miſs Milner, let not this alarm you; we

may

may not find it convenient to meet this many a day; and moſt probably ſome fortunate explanation may yet take place and prevent our meeting at all. If not, reckon but among the many duels that are fought, how few are fatal; and even in that caſe, how ſmall would be the loſs to ſociety"—He was proceeding.

"I ſhould ever deplore the loſs," cried Miſs Milner, "I could not ſurvive the death of either, in ſuch a caſe."

"For my part," returned Dorriforth, "I look upon my life as much forfeited to his lordſhip, to whom I have given a high offence, as it might in other inſtances have been forfeited to the offended laws of the land. Honour, is the law of the polite part of the land; we know it; and when we tranſgreſs againſt it knowingly, we juſtly incur our puniſhment.

—How-

—However, Miſs Milner, this buſineſs is not to be ſettled immediately, and I have no doubt but all will be as you could wiſh.—Do you think I ſhould appear thus eaſy," added he with a ſmile, "if I were going to be ſhot at by my lord Frederick?"

"Very well." Cried Sandford, with a look that demonſtrated he knew better."

"You will ſtay within then, all this day?" Said Miſs Milner.

"I am engaged out to dinner," he replied, "it is unlucky—I am ſorry for it—but I'll be at home early in the evening."

"Stained with human blood," cried Sandford, "or yourſelf a corpſe."

The ladies all lifted up their hands, and Miſs Milner roſe from her ſeat and threw herſelf at her guardian's feet.

"You

"You knelt to me laſt night, I now kneel to you," (ſhe cried) "kneel, never deſiring to riſe more, if you perſiſt in your intention.—I am weak, I am volatile, I am indiſcreet, but I have a heart from whence ſome impreſſions can never be eraſed."

He endeavoured to raiſe her, ſhe perſiſted to kneel—and here the trouble, the affright, the terror ſhe endured, diſcovered to her for the firſt time her own ſentiments—which, till that moment, ſhe had doubted—and ſhe continued,

"I no longer pretend to conceal my paſſion—I love lord Frederick Lawnly."

Her guardian ſtarted.

"Yes, to my ſhame I love him:" (cried ſhe, all emotion) "I meant to have ſtruggled with the weakneſs, be-

cauſe

cauſe I ſuppoſed it would be diſpleaſing to you—but apprehenſion for his ſafety takes away every power of reſtraint, and I beſeech you to ſpare his life."

"This is exactly what I thought," Cried Sandford, triumphantly.

"Good heaven!" cried Miſs Woodley.

"But it is very natural." Said Mrs. Horton.

"I own," ſaid Dorriforth, (ſtruck with amaze, and now taking her from his feet with a force ſhe could not reſiſt) "I own, Miſs Milner, I am greatly affected at this contradiction in your character"——

"But did not I ſay ſo?" cried Sandford, interrupting him.

"However," continued he, "you may take my word, though you have deceived me in your's, that lord

lord Frederick's life is ſecure.—For your ſake, I would not endanger it for the univerſe.—But let this be a warning to you"——

He was proceeding with the moſt poignant language, and auſtere looks, when obſerving the ſhame, the terror, and the ſelf-reproach which agitated her mind, he diveſted himſelf in great meaſure of his auſterity, and ſaid, mildly,

"Let this be a warning to you, how you deal in future with the friends who wiſh you well—you have hurried me into a miſtake that might have coſt me my life, or the life of the man you love; and thus expoſed *you* to miſery, more bitter than death."

"I am not worthy your friendſhip, Mr. Dorriforth," ſaid ſhe, ſobbing with grief,

grief, "and from this moment forſake me!"

"No, madam, not in the moment you firſt diſcover to me, how I can make you happy."

The converſation appearing now to become of that nature in which the reſt of the company could have no ſhare whatever; they all, except Mr. Sandford, were retiring; when Miſs Milner called Miſs Woodley back, ſaying, "Stay you with me; I was never ſo unfit to be left without your friendſhip."

"Perhaps for the preſent you can much eaſier diſpenſe with mine?" ſaid Dorriforth. She made no anſwer: he therefore having once more aſſured her lord Frederick's life was ſafe, was quitting the room; when he recollected in what a ſtate of humiliation he had left her,

her, and turning towards her as he opened the door, added,

"And be assured, madam, my esteem for you, shall be the same as ever."

Sandford, as he followed Dorriforth, bowed to Miss Milner too, and repeated the self-same words.—"And, madam, be assured my esteem for you, shall be *the same as ever*."

CHAP.

CHAPTER XV.

THIS taunting reproof from Sandford made little impreſſion upon Miſs Milner, whoſe thoughts were all fixed on a ſubject of much more importance than the opinion he entertained of her. —She threw her arms about Miſs Woodley as ſoon as they were left alone, and aſked, with anxiety, "What ſhe thought of her behaviour?" Miſs Woodley, who could not approve of the duplicity her friend had betrayed, ſtill wiſhed to reconcile her as much as poſſible to her own conduct, and replied, ſhe "highly commended the frankneſs with which ſhe had, at laſt, acknowledged her ſentiments."

"Frankneſs!" cried Miſs Milner, ſtarting. "Frankneſs, my dear Miſs Woodley!—what you have juſt now heard me ſay, is all a falſehood."

"How, Miſs Milner!"

"Oh, my dear Miſs Woodley," returned ſhe, ſobbing upon her boſom, "pity the agonies of my heart, by nature ſincere, when ſuch are the fatal propenſities it cheriſhes, I muſt ſubmit to the groſſeſt falſehoods rather than reveal the truth."

"What do you mean?" Cried Miſs Woodley, with the ſtrongeſt amazement painted on her face.

"Do you ſuppoſe I love lord Frederick?" Returned the other. "Do you ſuppoſe I *can* love him?—Oh fly, Miſs Woodley, and prevent my guardian from telling him ſuch an untruth."

"What

"What do you mean?" repeated Miſs Woodley; "I proteſt you frighten me:"—and this inconſiſtency in the behaviour of Miſs Milner, really appeared as if her ſenſes had been deranged.

"Only fly," reſumed ſhe, "and prevent the inevitable ill conſequence which muſt enſue from lord Frederick's being told this falſehood.—It will involve us all in greater diſquietude than we ſuffer at preſent."

"Then what has influenced you, my dear Miſs Milner?"——

"That which impels my every action." Returned ſhe; "An unſurmountable inſtinct—a fatality, that will ever render me the moſt miſerable of human beings; and yet you, even you, my dear Miſs Woodley, will not pity me."

Miſs Woodley preſſed her cloſe in her arms, and vowed, "That while ſhe

was unhappy, from whatever cauſe, ſhe ſtill would pity her."

"Go to Mr. Dorriforth then, and prevent him from impoſing upon lord Frederick."

"But that impoſition is the only means to prevent the duel." Replied Miſs Woodley. "The moment I have told him you have no regard for his lordſhip, he will no longer refuſe to fight with him."

"Then at all events I am undone," exclaimed Miſs Milner, "for the duel is horrible, even beyond every thing elſe."

"How ſo?" returned Miſs Woodley, "ſince you have declared you do not care for lord Frederick."

"But are you ſo blind," returned Miſs Milner with a degree of madneſs in her looks, "to believe I do not care for

for Mr. Dorriforth? Oh, Miſs Woodley! I love him with all the paſſion of a miſtreſs, and with all the tenderneſs of a wife."

Miſs Woodley at this ſentence ſat down—it was on a chair that was cloſe to her—her feet could not have taken her to any other.—She trembled—ſhe was white as aſhes, and deprived of ſpeech. Miſs Milner, taking her by the hand, ſaid,

"I know what you feel—I know what you think of me—and how much you hate and deſpiſe me.—But Heaven is witneſs to all my ſtruggles—nor would I, even to myſelf, acknowledge the ſhameleſs prepoſſeſſion, till forced by a ſenſe of his danger"——

"Silence." Cried Miſs Woodley, ſtruck with horror.

"And even now," resumed Miss Milner, "have I not concealed it from all but you, by plunging myself into a new difficulty, from whence I know not how I shall be extricated?—And do I entertain a hope? No, Miss Woodley, nor ever will.—But suffer me to own my folly to you—to entreat your soothing friendship to free me from my weakness.—And, oh! give me your friendly advice to deliver me from the difficulties which surround me."

Miss Woodley was still pale, and still silent.

Education, is called second nature; in the strict (but not enlarged) education of Miss Woodley, it was more powerful than the first—and the violation of oaths, persons, or things consecrated to Heaven, was, in her opinion,

if

if not the moſt enormous, the moſt horrid among the catalogue of crimes.

Miſs Milner had lived too long in a family who had imbibed thoſe opinions not to be convinced of their exiſtence; nay, her own reaſon told her that ſolemn vows of whatever kind, ought to be binding; and the more ſhe reſpected her guardian's underſtanding, the leſs ſhe called in queſtion his religious tenets—in eſteeming him, ſhe eſteemed all his notions; and among the reſt, even venerated thoſe of his religion.—Yet that paſſion, which had unhappily taken poſſeſſion of her whole ſoul, would not have been inſpired, had there not ſubſiſted an early difference, in their ſyſtems of divine faith—had ſhe been early taught what were the ſacred functions of a Roman eccleſiaſtick, though

all her eſteem, all her admiration, had been attracted by the qualities and accompliſhments of her guardian; yet education would have given ſuch a prohibition to her love, that ſhe had been precluded from it, as by that barrier which divides a ſiſter from a brother.

This, unfortunately, was not the caſe; and Miſs Milner loved Dorriforth without one conſcious check to tell her ſhe was wrong, except that which convinced her, her love would be avoided by him, with deteſtation, with horror.

Miſs Woodley, ſomething recovered from her firſt ſurpriſe, and ſuffering—for never did her ſuſceptible mind ſuffer ſo exquiſitely—amidſt all the grief and abhorrence ſhe felt, pity

was

was ſtill predominant—and reconciled to the faults of Miſs Milner by her miſery, ſhe once more looked at her with friendſhip, and aſked, "what ſhe could do, to render her leſs unhappy?"

"Make me forget," replied Miſs Milner, "every moment of my paſt life ſince I firſt ſaw you—that moment was teeming with a weight of cares I muſt labour under till my death."

"And even in death," replied Miſs Woodley, "do not be ſo preſumptuous as to hope to ſhake them off—if unrepented in this world"——

She was proceeding—but the anxiety her friend endured, would not ſuffer her to be wholly free from the apprehenſion, that notwithſtanding the poſitive aſſurance of her guardian, (ſhould he and lord Frederick meet) the duel might ſtill take place; ſhe therefore rung

rung the bell and enquired if Mr. Dorriforth was ſtill at home?—the anſwer was—"He is rode out."—"You remember," ſaid Miſs Woodley, "he told you he ſhould dine out."—This did not, however, diſmiſs her fears, and ſhe diſpatched two ſervants different ways in purſuit of him, acquainting them with her ſuſpicions, and charging them to prevent his and lord Frederick's meeting. Sandford had alſo taken his precautions; but though he knew the time, he did not know the exact place of their appointment, for that, lord Elmwood had forgot to enquire.

The exceſſive alarm which Miſs Milner diſcovered upon this occaſion, was imputed by the ſervants, and others who were witneſs of it, to her affection

for

for lord Edward, while none but Miſs Woodley knew, or had the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of the real cauſe.

Mrs. Horton and Miſs Fenton, who were ſitting together expatiating on the duplicity of their own ſex in the inſtance juſt before them, had, notwithſtanding the intereſt of the diſcourſe, a longing deſire to break it off; for they were impatient to ſee this poor frail being whom they were loading with their innocent—as it was among friends—calumny. They longed to ſee if ſhe would have the confidence to look them in the face: they, to whom ſhe had ſo often proteſted, ſhe had not the ſmalleſt attachment to lord Frederick but from motives of vanity.

These ladies heard with much satisfaction dinner was served, but met Miss Milner at table with a less degree of pleasure than they expected; for her mind was so totally abstracted from them, they could not discern a single blush, or confused glance, which their presence occasioned. No, Miss Milner had before them divulged nothing of which she was ashamed, she only was ashamed what she had said was not truth. In the bosom of Miss Woodley alone, was that secret entrusted which could call a blush into her face, and before her she *did* feel confusion—before the gentle friend, to whom she had till this time communicated all her faults without embarrassment, she now cast down her eyes in shame, and scarce durst lift them up to meet her's.

At table there was little talking, and leſs eating; Miſs Milner did not attempt to eat; Miſs Woodley endeavoured, but could not.

Soon after the dinner was removed, lord Elmwood entered; and that gallant nobleman declared—"Mr. Sandford had uſed him ill in not permitting him to accompany his relation; for he feared Dorriforth would now throw himſelf upon the ſword of lord Frederick without a friend by to defend him."—A rebuke from the eye of Miſs Woodley, which from this day forward had a command over Miſs Milner, reſtrained her from expreſſing the affright ſhe ſuffered from this ſuppoſition of his lordſhip's. Miſs Fenton replied, "As to that, my lord, I ſee no reaſon why Mr. Dorriforth and lord Frederick ſhould not

not now be friends.—"Certainly," ſaid Mrs. Horton, "for as ſoon as my lord Frederick is made acquainted with Miſs Milner's confeſſion, all differences muſt be reconciled."—"What confeſſion?" aſked his lordſhip.

Miſs Milner, to avoid hearing a repetition of that which gave her pain but to think of, aroſe in order to retire into her own apartment, but was obliged to ſit down again—and received the aſſiſtance of her friend and lord Elmwood to lead her into her dreſſing-room. Reclined upon a ſopha there, a ſilence enſued between her and Miſs Woodley for near half an hour; and when the converſation began, the name of Dorriforth was never uttered—they were both grown cool and conſiderate ſince the diſcovery, and both were equally,

equally ashamed and fearful of naming him.

The vanity of the world, the folly of riches, the pleasures of retirement, and such topics engaged their discourse, but not their thoughts, for near two hours; and the first time the word Dorriforth was spoken, a servant with alacrity opened the dressing room door, without previously rapping, and cried, "Mr. Dorriforth, madam."

Dorriforth immediately came in, and went eagerly to Miss Milner.—Miss Woodley beheld the glow of joy, and guilt upon her face, and did not rise to give him her seat, as was her custom if he came with intelligence to his ward, and she was sitting next her —he therefore stood while he repeated all

all that had happened in his interview with lord Frederick.

But with her gladneſs to ſee her guardian ſafe, Miſs Milner had forgot to enquire for the ſafety of his lordſhip; the man whom ſhe had pretended to love ſo paſſionately—even a ſmile of rapture was upon her face, though Dorriforth might be returned from putting him to death. This incongruity of behaviour Miſs Woodley ſaw, and was confounded—but Dorriforth, in whoſe thoughts a ſuſpicion either of her love to him, or want of love for lord Frederick, had not the ſmalleſt place, eaſily reconciled this inconſiſtency, and ſaid,

"You ſee by my countenance all is well, and therefore you ſmile on me before I tell you what has paſſed."

This

This brought her to the recollection of her conduct, and now with a countenance conſtrained to ſome ſhow of gravity, ſhe tried to expreſs alarm ſhe did not feel.

"Nay, I have the pleaſure to aſſure you Lord Frederick is ſafe," reſumed Dorriforth, "and the diſgrace of his blow waſhed entirely away, by a few drops of blood from this arm," and he laid his hand upon his left arm, which reſted in his waiſtcoat as a ſling.

She caſt her eyes there, and ſeeing where the ball had entered the coat ſleeve, ſhe gave an involuntary ſcream, and ſunk on the ſide of the ſopha. Inſtead of that tender ſympathy with which Miſs Woodley uſed to attend her upon the ſlighteſt illneſs or affliction, ſhe now addreſſed her in a ſharp tone, and cried, "Miſs Milner, you have

heard lord Frederick is ſafe, you have then nothing to alarm you."—Nor did ſhe run to offer a ſmelling bottle, or to raiſe her head. Her guardian ſeeing her near fainting, and without this aſſiſtance from her friend, was going himſelf to give it; but on this, Miſs Woodley interfered, and having taken her head upon her arm, aſſured him, "It was a trifling weakneſs to which Miſs Milner was accuſtomed, and that ſhe would ring for her woman, who knew how to relieve her inſtantly with a few drops."—Satisfied with this, Dorriforth left the room; and a ſurgeon being arrived to dreſs his wound, he retired into his own chamber.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE power delegated to the keeper of our ſecrets, Miſs Woodley was the laſt perſon on earth to abuſe — but ſhe was alſo the laſt, who, by her complacency would participate in the guilt of her friend—and there was no guilt, except that of murder, which ſhe thought equal to the crime in queſtion, provided it was ever perpetrated. — Adultery, her reaſon would perhaps have informed her, was a more pernicious evil to ſociety; but to a religious mind, what ſounds ſo horrible as ſacrilege? Of vows made to God or to man, the former muſt weigh the heavier.— Moreover, the dreadful ſin of infidelity in the marriage ſtate, is much ſoftened

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to a common underſtanding, by the frequency of the crime; whereas, of vows broken by a devotee ſhe had ſcarce heard of any; or if any, they were generally followed by ſuch examples of divine vengeance, ſuch miraculous puniſhments in this world, (as well as eternal puniſhment in the other) that ſerved to exaggerate their wickedneſs.

She, who could, and did pardon Miſs Milner, was the perſon who ſaw her paſſion in the ſevereſt light, and reſolved to take every method, however harſh, to root it from her heart—nor did ſhe fear ſucceſs, reſting on the certain aſſurance, that however deep her love was fixed, it would never be returned. Yet this confidence did not prevent her taking every precaution, leſt

Dorriforth ſhould come to the knowledge of it—ſhe would not have his compoſed mind diſturbed with ſuch a thought.—his ſteadfaſt principles ſo much as ſhook by the imagination—nor overwhelm him with thoſe ſelf-reproaches which his fatal attraction, unpremeditated as it was, would ſtill have drawn upon him.

With this plan of concealment, in which the natural modeſty of Miſs Milner acquieſced, there was but one effort to make which that young lady was not prepared for; and that was an entire ſeparation from her guardian.—She had, from the firſt, cheriſhed her paſſion without the moſt diſtant proſpect of a return—ſhe was prepared to ſee Dorriforth without ever ſeeing him nearer to her than her guardian and

friend, but not to ſee him at all—for that, ſhe was not prepared.

But Miſs Woodley reflected upon the inevitable neceſſity of this ſtep before ſhe made the propoſal, and then made it with a firmneſs, that might have done honour to the inflexibility of Dorriforth himſelf.

During the few days that intervened between her open confeſſion of love for lord Frederick, and this propoſal, the moſt intricate incoherence appeared to the whole family, in the character of Miſs Milner—and in order to evade a marriage with his lordſhip, and to conceal, at the ſame time, the ſhameful propenſity which lurked in her breaſt, ſhe was once, even on the point of declaring a paſſion for Sir Edward Aſhton.

In

In the duel which had taken place between lord Frederick and Dorriforth, the latter had received his antagoniſt's fire, but poſitively refuſed to return it; by which he had kept his promiſe not to endanger his lordſhip's life, and had reconciled Sandford, in great meaſure, to his behaviour—and Sandford now (his reſolution once broken) no longer refuſed entering Miſs Milner's houſe, but came every time it was convenient, though he yet avoided its miſtreſs as much as poſſible; or ſhowed by every word and look, when ſhe was preſent, that ſhe was ſtill leſs in his favour than ſhe had ever been.

He viſited Dorriforth on the evening after his engagement with lord Frederick, and again the next morning, breakfaſted with him in his own chamber; nor did Miſs Milner ſee her guardian ſince his firſt return from that engagement

till the following noon. She enquired, however, of the ſervant how his maſter did, and was rejoiced to hear his wound was but very ſlight—yet this enquiry ſhe durſt not make before Miſs Woodley, but waited till ſhe was abſent.

When Dorriforth made his appearance the next day, it was evident he had thrown from his heart a load of cares; and though they had left a languor upon his face, there was content in his voice, his manners, in his every word and action.—Far from ſeeming to retain any reſentment towards his ward, for the trouble and danger into which her imprudence had led him, he appeared rather to pity her weakneſs, and to wiſh to ſooth the perturbation which the recollection of her own conduct had obviouſly

viouſly raiſed in her mind—His endeavours were moſt ſucceſsful—ſhe was ſoothed every time he ſpoke to her; and had not the watchful eye of Miſs Woodley ſtood guard over her inclinations, ſhe had plainly evinced, ſhe was enraptured with the joy of ſeeing him again himſelf, after the danger to which he had been expoſed.

Theſe emotions, which ſhe laboured to ſubdue, paſſed, however, the bounds of her ineffectual reſiſtance; when at the time of retiring after dinner, he ſaid to her in a low voice, but ſuch as it was meant the company ſhould hear, "Do me the favour, Miſs Milner, to call at my ſtudy ſometime in the evening; I have to ſpeak to you upon buſineſs."

She

She answered, "I will, Sir." And her eyes swam with delight in expectation of the interview.

Let not the reader, nevertheless imagine, there was in that ardent expectation, one idea which the most spotless mind, in love, might not have indulged without reproach.—Sincere love, (at least among the delicate of the female sex) is often gratified by that degree of enjoyment, or rather forbearance, which would be torture in the pursuit of any other passion—real, delicate, and restrained love, like that of Miss Milner's, was indulged in the sight of the object only; and having bounded her wishes by her hopes, the height of her happiness was limited to a conversation in which no other but themselves partook a part.

Miss

Miſs Woodley was one who heard the appointment, but the only one who conceived with what ſenſation it was received.

While the ladies remained in the ſame room with Dorriforth, Miſs Milner thought of little, except of him—as ſoon as they withdrew into another apartment, ſhe remembered Miſs Woodley, and turning her head ſuddenly, ſaw Miſs Woodley's face imprinted with ſuſpicion and diſpleaſure—this at firſt was painful to her—but recollecting that in a couple of hours time ſhe was to meet her guardian alone—ſpeak to him, and hear him ſpeak to herſelf only—every other thought was abſorbed in that one, and ſhe conſidered with indifference, the uneaſineſs, or the anger of her friend.

Miſs

Miſs Milner, to do juſtice to her heart, did not wiſh to beguile Dorriforth into the ſnares of love.—Could any ſupernatural power have endowed her with the means, and at the ſame time ſhewn to her the ills that muſt ariſe from ſuch an effect of her charms, ſhe had aſſuredly enough of virtue to have declined the conqueſt; but without enquiring of herſelf what ſhe propoſed? She never ſaw him without previouſly endeavouring to look more attractive than ſhe would have deſired, in any other company.—And now, without liſtening to the thouſand exhortations that were ſpeaking in every feature of Miſs Woodley's face, ſhe flew to a looking-glaſs, to adjuſt her dreſs in a manner that ſhe thought moſt enchanting.

Time

Time ſtole away, and the time to go to her guardian arrived. In his preſence, unſupported by the preſence of a third perſon, every grace ſhe had practiſed, every look ſhe had borrowed to ſet off her charms were annihilated, and ſhe became a native beauty, with the artleſs arguments of reaſon, only for her aid.—Awed thus, by his power, from every thing but what ſhe really was, ſhe never was perhaps half ſo bewitching as in thoſe timid, reſpectful, and embarraſſed moments ſhe paſſed alone with him.—He caught at thoſe times her reſpect, her diffidence, nay, even her embarraſſment; and never would one word of anger paſs on either ſide.

On the preſent occaſion, he firſt, expreſſed the higheſt ſatisfaction that ſhe

had at length, revealed to him the ſtate of her mind.

"And taking every thing into conſideration, Miſs Milner," added he, "I rejoice that your ſentiments happen to be ſuch as you have owned—for although my lord Frederick is not the very man I could have wiſhed for your perfect happineſs, yet in the ſtate of human perfection and human happineſs, you might have fixed your affections with much leſs propriety; and yet, where my unwillingneſs to thwart your inclinations, might not have permitted me to contend with them."

Not a word of reply did this demand, or if it had, not a word could ſhe have given.

"And now, madam, the reaſon of my deſire to ſpeak with you—is to know from yourſelf, the means you think moſt proper

proper to purſue, in order to acquaint his lordſhip, that notwithſtanding this late repulſe, there are hopes of your partiality in his favour."

"Defer the explanation." Returned ſhe, eagerly.

"I beg your pardon, Miſs Milner, that cannot be—beſides, how can you indulge a diſpoſition thus unpitying?—even ſo ardently did I deſire to render his lordſhip happy, though he came armed againſt my life, that had I not reflected, previous to our engagement it would appear like fear, and the means of battering for his forgiveneſs; I ſhould have revealed your ſentiments the moment I had ſeen him. When the engagement was over, I was too impatient to acquaint you of his ſafety, to think then on gratifying him.—And indeed, the delicacy of the declaration, after the many denials you have no

doubt given him, should be considered—I therefore entreat your approbation of the manner in which it shall be made."

"Mr. Dorriforth, can you allow nothing to the moments of surprize? and that pity, which the fate impending inspired; and which might urge me to express myself of lord Frederick, in a manner my cooler thoughts will not warrant?"

"There was nothing in your expressions, my dear Miss Milner, the least equivocal—if you were off your guard, when you pleaded for lord Frederick, as I believe you were, you said more sincerely what you thought; and no discreet, or rather indiscreet retractions, can make me change my opinion."

"I am very sorry." She replied, confused, and trembling.

"Why

"Why ſorry? Come, give me commiſſion to reveal theſe ſentiments,—I'll not be too hard upon you—a hint from me to his lordſhip will do—hope, is ever apt to interpret the ſlighteſt words to its own uſe, and a lover's hope, is beyond all others, ſanguine."

"I never gave lord Frederick hope."

"But did you ever plunge him into deſpair?"

"His purſuit ſays I never have, but he has no other proof."

"However light and frivolous you have been upon frivolous ſubjects, yet I muſt own, Miſs Milner, I expected, that when a caſe of this importance came ſeriouſly before you, you would have diſcovered a proper ſtability in your behaviour."

"I do, Sir; and it was only while I was affected with a weakneſs, which aroſe from accident, that I have ever ſhewed an inconſiſtence."

"You then ſtill aſſert you have no affection for my lord Frederick?"

"Not ſufficient to become his wife."

"You are alarmed at marriage, and I do not wonder you ſhould be ſo; it ſhews a prudent foreſight that does you honour—but, my dear, are there no dangers in a ſingle ſtate?—if I may judge, Miſs Milner, there are many more to a young lady of your accompliſhments, than were you under the protection of a huſband."

"My father, Mr. Dorriforth, thought your protection ſufficient."

"But that protection was rather to direct your choice, than to be the cauſe of your not chooſing at all.—Give me leave

to

to point out an obſervation which, perhaps, I have too frequently done before, but upon this occaſion I muſt intrude it once again.—Miſs Fenton is its object—her fortune is inferior to your's, her perſonal attractions leſs."——

Here the ſtrong glow of joy, and of gratitude, for an opinion ſo negligently, and yet ſo ſincerely expreſſed, flew to Miſs Milner's face, neck, and even to her hands and fingers; the blood mounted to every part of her ſkin that was viſible, for not a fibre but felt the ſecret tranſport, that Dorriſorth thought her more beautiful than the beautiful Miſs Fenton.

If he obſerved her bluſhes, he was unſuſpicious of the cauſe, and went on.

"There is, beſides, in the temper of Miſs Fenton, a ſedateneſs that might with leſs hazard ſecure her ſafety in an

unmarried life; and yet she very properly thinks it her duty, as she does not mean to seclude herself by any vows to the contrary, to become a wife—and in obedience to the counsel of her friends, will be married within a very few weeks."

"Miss Fenton may marry from obedience, I never will."

"You mean to say, Love shall alone induce you?"

"I do."

"If, madam, you would point out a subject upon which I am the least able to speak, and on which my sentiments, such as they are, are formed alone from theory (and even there instructed but with caution) it is the subject of love.—And yet, Miss Milner, even that little I know, tells me, without a doubt, that what you said to me yesterday, pleading

for lord Frederick's life, was the result of the moſt violent and tender love."

"The *little you know* then, Mr. Dorriforth, has deceived you; had you *known more*, you would have judged otherwiſe."

"I ſubmit to the merit of your reply; but without allowing me a judge at all, I will appeal to thoſe who were preſent with me."

"Are Mrs. Horton and Mr. Sandford to be the connoiſſeurs?"

"No; I'll appeal to Miſs Fenton and Miſs Woodley."

"And yet, I believe," replied ſhe with a ſmile, "I believe, theory, muſt only be the judge even there."

"Then from all you have ſaid, madam, on this occaſion, I am to conclude you ſtill refuſe to marry lord Frederick?"

"You are."

"And you ſubmit never to ſee him again?"

"I do."

"All you then ſaid to me, yeſterday, was falſe?"

"I was not miſtreſs of myſelf at the time."

"Therefore it was truth—for ſhame, for ſhame!"

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Sandford walked in—he ſtarted back on ſeeing Miſs Milner, and was going away again; but Dorriforth called to him to ſtay, and ſaid with warmth,

"Tell me, Mr. Sandford, by what power, by what perſuaſion, I can prevail upon this lady to confide in me as her friend; to lay her heart open, and credit mine when I declare to her, I have

have no view in all the advice I give, but her immediate welfare?"

"Mr. Dorriforth, you know my opinion of the lady," replied, Sandford, "it has been formed ever ſince my firſt acquaintance with her, and it ſtill remains the ſame."

"But inſtruct me how I am to inſpire her with confidence;" returned Dorriforth, "how I am to impreſs her with that which is for her advantage?"

"You can work no miracles," replied Sandford, "you are not holy enough."

"And yet Miſs Milner," anſwered Dorriforth, "appears to be acquainted with that myſtery; for what but the force of a miracle, can induce her to contradict to-day, what before you, and ſeveral other witneſſes, ſhe poſitively acknowledged yeſterday?"

"Do you call that miraculous?" cried Sandford, "The miracle had been if she had not done so—for did she not yesterday, contradict what she acknowledged the day before?—and will she not to-morrow, disavow what she says to-day?"

"I wish she may." Replied Dornisorth mildly, for he beheld the tears flowing down her face at the rough and severe manner in which Sandford had spoken, and began to feel for her uneasiness.

"I beg pardon," cried Sandford, "for speaking so rudely to the mistress of the house—I have no business here, I know, but where you are, Mr. Dornisorth, unless I am turned out, I shall ever think it my duty to come."

Miss Milner courtesied, as much as to say he was welcome to come.—He continued,

"I was

"I own to blame, that on a nice punctilio, I left you so long without my visits, and without my counsel: in the time you have run the hazard of being murdered, and what is worse, of being excommunicated; for had you been so rash as to have returned your opponent's fire, not all my interest at Rome would have obtained remission of the punishment."

Miss Milner, through all her tears, could not now restrain her laughter—on which he resumed;

"And here do I venture like a missionary among savages—but if I can only save you from the scalping knives of some of them; from the miseries which that lady is preparing for you, I am rewarded."

Sandford spoke this with great fervour, and the crime of her love never

appeared

appeared to Miss Milner in so tremendous a point of view as thus, unknowingly alluded to by him. "*The miseries that lady is preparing for you*," hung upon her ears like the notes of a raven, and equally ominous.—The words "*murder*" and "*excommunication*" he had likewise uttered;—all the fatal effects of sacrilegious love.—Frightful superstitions struck to her heart, and she could scarcely prevent falling down under their oppression.

Dorriforth beheld the difficulty she had in sustaining herself, and went with the utmost tenderness and supported her; saying, "I beg your pardon—I invited you hither with a far different view than your uneasiness."—

Sandford was begining to speak. "Hold, Mr. Sandford," resumed he, "the lady is under my protection, and I know

I know not whether it is not necessary you should apologize to her, and to me, for what you have already said."

"You asked my opinion, or I had not given it you—would you have me, like her, speak what I do not think?"

"Say no more, Mr. Sandford." Cried Dorriforth—and leading her kindly to the door, as if to defend her from his malice, told her "He would take another opportunity to renew the subject."

CHAP-

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Dorriforth was alone with Sandford, he explained to him what before, he had only hinted; and this learned jeſuit frankly confeſſed, "That the mind of a woman was far above, or rather beneath, his comprehenſion."—It was ſo, indeed—for with all his penetration, and he had a great deal, he had not yet penetrated into the receſſes of Miſs Milner's heart.

Miſs Woodley, to whom ſhe repeated all that had paſſed between herſelf, her guardian, and Sandford, took this moment, during the alarm and agitation of her ſpirits, to alarm them ſtill more by her prophetic inſinuations; and at length

length represented to her here, for the first time, the necessity, "That Mr. Dorriforth and she should remain no longer under the same roof." This was like the stroke of sudden death to Miss Milner, and clinging to life, she endeavoured to avert the blow by prayers, and by promises—her friend loved her too sincerely, however, to be prevailed upon.

"But in what manner can I bring about the separation?" cried she, "for till I marry we are obliged, by my father's request, to live in the same house."

"Miss Milner," answered Miss Woodley, "much as I respect the will of a dying man, I regard your and Mr. Dorriforth's present, and eternal happiness much more; and it is my resolution you *shall part*—if you will not contrive the means, that duty falls on me,

me, and without any invention, I ſee the meaſure at once."

"What is it?" Cried Miſs Milner eagerly.

"To go and reveal to Mr. Dorriforth, without heſitation, the real ſtate of your heart; which your preſent inconſiſtent conduct will but too readily confirm."

"You would not plunge me into ſo much ſhame, into ſo much anguiſh!" Cried ſhe, diſtractedly.

"No," replied Miſs Woodley, "not for the world, provided you will ſeparate from him, by any method of your own—but that you *ſhall* ſeparate is my determination; and in ſpite of all your ſufferings, this ſhall be the means, unleſs you inſtantly agree to ſome other."

"Good Heaven, Miſs Woodley! is this your friendſhip?"

"Yes

"Yes—and the trueſt friendſhip I have to beſtow.—Think what a taſk I undertake for your ſake and his, when I condemn myſelf to explain to him your weakneſs—what aſtoniſhment! what confuſion! what remorſe, do I foreſee painted upon his face!—I hear him call you by the harſheſt names, and behold him fly from your ſight for ever, as an object of his deteſtation."

"Oh ſpare the dreadful picture.—Fly from my ſight for ever—deteſt my name. Oh! my dear Miſs Woodley, let his friendſhip for me but ſtill remain, and I will conſent to any thing.—You may command me—I will go away from him directly—but let us part in friendſhip—Oh! without the friendſhip of Mr. Dorriforth, life would be a heavy burthen indeed."

Miſs Woodley immediately began to plan ſchemes for their ſeparation; and with all her invention alive on the ſubject, this was the only probable one ſhe could form.

Miſs Milner was to write to her diſtant relation at Bath, complaining of the melancholy of a country life, which ſhe was to ſay her guardian impoſed upon her, and entreat the lady to ſend a preſſing invitation for her to paſs a month or two with her; this invitation was to be ſhewn to Dorriforth for his approbation, and both Miſs Woodley and Miſs Milner were to enforce it, by expreſſing their earneſt wiſhes for his conſent. This plan properly regulated, the neceſſary letter was ſent by Miſs Milner to Bath, and Miſs Woodley waited

waited with patience, but with a watchful guard upon the conduct of her friend till the anſwer arrived.

During this interim a moſt tender and complaining epiſtle from lord Frederick was delivered Miſs Milner; to which as he received no anſwer, his lordſhip prevailed upon his uncle, with whom he reſided, to wait upon her, and obtain her verbal reply; for he ſtill flattered himſelf, fear of her guardian's anger, or perhaps his interception of the letter he had ſent, was the cauſe of her ſeeming contempt.

The old gentleman was introduced to Miſs Milner, and after to Mr. Dorriforth, but received from each an anſwer ſo explicit, that left his ne-

phew no longer in doubt but all farther purſuit was vain.

Sir Edward Aſhton about this time alſo, ſubmitted to a formal diſmiſſion, and had the mortification to reflect, he was beſtowing upon the object of his affections the tendereſt proof of his regard, by abſenting himſelf wholly from her ſociety.

Upon this ſerious and certain concluſion to the hopes of lord Frederick, Dorriforth was more aſtoniſhed than he had ever yet been at the conduct of his ward—he had once thought her behaviour, in reſpect to his lordſhip, was ambiguous, but ſince her confeſſion of a paſſion for him, he had no doubt but that in the end, ſhe would become his wife. — He lamented to find himſelf

miſtaken,

miſtaken, and now thought it proper to give ſome important marks of his condemnation of her pernicious caprice; and not merely in words, but by the general tenour of his behaviour. He conſequently became much more reſerved, and more auſtere than he had been, ſince his firſt acquaintance with her; for his manners, not from deſign, but unknowingly, were ſoftened ſince his guardianſhip, by that tender reſpect he had never ceaſed to pay to the object of his protection.

Notwithſtanding this ſeverity he aſſumed, his ward in the proſpect of parting from him grew melancholy; Miſs Woodley's love to her friend rendered her little otherwiſe; and Dorriforth's peculiar gravity, oftentimes rigour, could not but make the whole party much

leſs cheerful than they had been. Lord Elmwood too was lying dangerously ill of a fever; Miſs Fenton of courſe was as much in ſorrow as her nature would ſuffer her to be, and both Sandford and Dorriforth in extreme concern on his lordſhip's account.

In this ſtate of affairs, the letter of invitation arrives from lady Luncham at Bath: it was ſhown to Dorriforth, and to prove to his ward he is ſo much offended, as no longer to feel that exceſſive intereſt in her concerns he once did, he gives his opinion on the ſubject with indifference — he deſires "Miſs Milner will do as ſhe herſelf thinks proper." —Miſs Woodley inſtantly accepts this permiſſion, writes back, and appoints the day, her friend means to ſet off for the viſit.

She

She is wounded to the heart by the cold and unkind manners of her guardian, but dares not take one method to retrieve his opinion.—Alone, and to Miſs Woodley ſhe ſighs and weeps; he diſcovers her ſorrow, and is doubtful whether the departure of lord Frederick from that part of the country, is not the cauſe.

When the day on which ſhe was to ſet off for Bath, was within two days diſtance only; the behaviour of Dorriforth took, by degrees, its uſual form; if not a greater ſhare of polite and tender attention than ever.—It was the firſt time he had parted from Miſs Milner ſince he became her guardian, and he felt upon the occaſion, a reluctance.—He had been angry with her, he had ſhewn her he was ſo, and he now began

to

so wish he had not.—She is not happy, (he considered within himself,) every word and action declares she is not, and I may have been too severe, and added to her uneasiness.—"At least we will part on good terms."—Said he—"Indeed my regard for her is such, I cannot part otherwise."

She soon discerned his returning kindness, and it was a gentle tie that would have fastened her to the spot where she was, but for the firm resistance of Miss Woodley.

"What will a few months absence effect?" cried she, pleading her cause, "At the end of a few months at farthest, he will expect me back, and where will be the merit in this short separation?"

"In that time," replied Miss Woodley, "we may find some method to

make it ſtill longer."—To this ſhe liſtened with a kind of deſpair, but uttered ſhe "was reſigned;" and accordingly prepared for her departure.

Dorriforth was all anxiety that every circumſtance of her journey ſhould be commodious; he was eager ſhe ſhould be happy, and he was eager ſhe ſhould ſee he entirely forgave her.—He would have gone part of the way with her, but for the extreme illneſs of lord Elmwood, in whoſe chamber he paſſed chief of the day, and ſlept in Elmwood Houſe every night.

On the morning of her journey, when Dorriforth gave his hand and conducted Miſs Milner to the carriage, all the way he led her ſhe could not reſtrain a flood of tears; which encreaſed, as he parted

parted from her, to convulsive sobs.—He was affected; and notwithstanding he had previously bid her farewell, he drew her gently on one side and said, with his eyes moistened from regard of the most laudable nature,

"My dear Miss Milner, we part friends?—I hope we do?—on my side, depend upon it, I regret nothing so much at this short separation, as having ever given you a moment's pain."

"I believe so." Was all she could say, for she hastened to break from him, lest his discerning eye should discover the cause of the weakness which thus overcame her.—But her apprehensions were groundless; the rectitude of his own heart was a bar to the suspicion of her's.—He once more kindly bade her adieu, and the carriage drove away.

Miss

Miss Fenton and Miss Woodley accompanied Miss Milner part of the journey, about thirty miles, where they were met by Sir Harry and lady Lunham.—Here was a parting nearly as affecting as that between her and her guardian. Miss Woodley, who for several weeks had treated her friend with a rigidness she herself hardly supposed was in her nature, now bewailed her own severity, begged her forgiveness, promised to correspond with her punctually, and to omit no opportunity of giving her every consolation short of cherishing her fatal passion; but in that, and that only, was the heart of Miss Milner to be consoled.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA *to the* FIRST VOLUME.

Page 16, 3d line from the bottom, for *beheld*, read *beheld*.
33, for *ſcantioned*, read *ſanctioned*.
76, for *ſhaked*, read *ſhook*.
77, for *dreſt for ball, but as ſhe had roſe*, read *dreſt for a ball, but as ſhe roſe*.
91, for *ſerinity*, read *ſerenity*.
103, for *council*, read *counſel*.
116, for *ſcrupulous*, read *ſcrupulouſly*.
142, for *if ſhould like*, read *if you ſhould like*.
210, for *ſhewed*, read *ſhown*.
for *forbid*, read *forbad*.